NEW YORK CLIPPER.

VOL. I.—No. 17. NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1853. PRICE 3 CENTS.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

A Weekly Sporting Paper,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

The CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

Reports of Races, Prize Fights, and sporting items of all kinds will be gladly received from correspondents, and inserted gratuitously in the columns of the CLIPPER.

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The American Boy.

"Father, look up and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies."

"It is your country's flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light,
O'er Ocean's waves, in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might."

"Father, what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering of the clouds!
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?"

"It is the noise of cannonry,
The glad shouts of the free;
This is the day to memory dear—
'Tis freedom's Jubilee."

"I'd wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, Father, why don't you?"

"I'm getting old and weak, but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many a day like this—
Shout you aloud, my boy."

"Hurrah for Freedom's Jubilee!
God bless our native land!
And may I live to hold the sword
Of freedom in my hand!"

"Well done, my boy—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell
Is paradise on earth."

HINTS ON SPARRING,

AND ON THE

ART OF ATTACK AND DEFENCE.

In offering a few suggestions on the healthful and invigorating practice of "sparring with the gloves," and on "the art of attack and defence" as pursued in modern times, the editor begs that he may be acquitted of assuming to himself a knowledge, either theoretical or practical, superior to others. He disclaims being able to communicate information which is not already widely disseminated and generally understood by the admirers of old English boxing; but at the same time he entertains a belief that, by affording to the novice some insight into the first principles of the art, he will enable him to acquire more readily an acquaintance with its scientific advantages. That a man can be made a perfect sparrer or a perfect boxer any more than he can acquire a perfect knowledge of fencing, dancing, or any other bodily accomplishment, by means of book instruction, experience has shown to be at least problematical; but it cannot be denied that a previous acquaintance with the rudiments and general character of those accomplishments is desirable, as it affords facilities towards subsequent improvement alike beneficial to the pupil and the master. It is frequently urged that from books, mistaken impressions or objectionable habits may be imbibed; but even under such circumstances, the instructor is enabled by comparison and illustration to exhibit the value of the perfect over the imperfect system. In this view, the following paragraphs, we trust, will not be without their utility; but to excel, it must be borne in mind, a competent teacher is indispensable. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," and a man who has a mere superficial acquaintance with his subject, however he may astonish the ignorant, when he comes in contact with a clever tactician, will find himself lamentably at fault, and more especially in the art of which we are about to treat; and therefore it is that we would recommend theory to be followed by continuous practice with a competent antagonist, and especially by those who purpose following boxing as a profession; or who deem is essential, from the nature of their intercourse with society, to be prepared to meet a pugilistic assailant with his own weapons.

It has been argued by some as a ground of objection to the study of the proper use of your fists that it leads men to be pugnacious, and that they are more ready to seek than to evade a quarrel, in order that they may display their superiority. To this we do not assent, for we have almost invariably found (except with persons who cannot command their temper, and if this be the case, whatever be their acquirements, they will be equally without control) that the consciousness of power inclines men to be less prone to quarrel, and more forbearing towards an opponent. Of this abundant proofs are to be found, not only among the ordinary classes of society, but more particularly among professed pugilists, who, with a few exceptions, are the last to invite a quarrel and the first to seek a reconciliation. Many instances are on record, and have passed under our notice, in which the more respectable members of the Prize Ring have actually submitted to positive insult rather than exercise their athletic powers, and take advantage of the weakness of an assailant. The calmness of disposition, joined with perfect self-possession, is in fact one of the most valuable attributes of a boxer, and one of the best tests of true courage. That there may be and are exceptions to this rule cannot be denied; but all must concur in the proposition, that for the strong to oppress the weak, or the scientific boxer to take advantage of an ignorant and helpless opponent, is an act of cowardice deserving the utmost contempt. The ruffian who would strike a woman is not less deserving of execration than he who, for the mere purpose of displaying his scientific acquirements, would assail another not equally gifted. The great end of pugilistic instruction is, to instil into the mind of the pupil a manly and honourable bearing, combined with personal confidence, in the hour of danger; we have no apprehensions, therefore, that its pursuit will lead to the abandonment of those principles of self-respect and fair play, which are alike estimable in the minds of all classes.

A knowledge of sparring, independent of its uses as a means of self-defence when assailed by lawless outrage or vulgar impertinence, has the additional recommendation of being one of the most healthful exercises by which the vigour of the human frame can be improved. The whole body partakes of its beneficial consequences when heartily pursued; the muscular conformation is brought into beneficial action, and the latent energies of the system gradually but effectually developed. As the health of the mind is influenced by the health of the body, additional stimulants to its pursuit are offered: and as it can be enjoyed at all seasons and at all hours—in the most confined as well as the most extensive localities, by the old as well as by the young—by the weak as well as by the powerful, and without danger of personal injury, from the nature of the gloves which are adopted, we know of no sort of athletic exercise more to be commended, or which ought to be more universally encouraged. It offers, in fact, precisely the same valuable results as those so forcibly described by Sir John Sinclair in his "Code of Health and Longevity," in alluding to fencing.

"There is no exercise," says Sir John, "with a view to health better entitled to the attention of the higher classes of society, than that of fencing. The positions in fencing have for their objects erectness, firmness, and balance, and in practising that art, the chest, the neck, and the shoulders are placed in positions most beneficial to health. The various motions of the arms and limbs, whilst the body maintains its erect position, enable the muscles in general to acquire vigorous strength; and in young people the bones of the chest and thorax necessarily become more enlarged, by means of which a consumptive tendency may be prevented. Various instances may be adduced where fencing has prevented consumption and other disorders. It has been remarked also that those who practise the art are in general remarkable for long life and the good health they have enjoyed. These considerations, combined with the graceful movements which it establishes, and the elegant means of self-defence which it furnishes, certainly render the art an object of considerable importance."

In sparring the like advantages are secured, and such was the conviction of the solid truth of this conclusion in former times, that among the most distinguished men in the kingdom, the practice of sparring was almost universal, and its beneficial effects are generally acknowledged. To men of sedentary pursuits the practice is of the most essential value, as in half-an-hour's exercise with the gloves as much advantage may be obtained as by the devotion of two hours to a long walk, for which the weather is not at all seasons favourable.

To prize-fighters sparring is as indispensable as the knowledge of the sword-exercise to a dragoon; it is the grammar, the rules of which he must study with care and perseverance before he can expect to excel. Mr. P. Egan in the second volume of his "Boxiana," says, and with great truth:—

"Sparring is absolutely necessary to form a complete pugilist. It is certainly a mock encounter; but at the same time, a representation, and in most cases, an exact one, of real fighting. It is the only proper introduction to boxing, and a just mode of realising whatever principle the scholar may have imbibed, or trying the success of any new plan he may have invented. By this method he can also judge of the impropriety of his master's lessons, and exercise his reasoning faculties, an advantage of which he is often deprived in battle. Some are of opinion that sparring is of no great use, and that it takes from the natural powers of manhood, while it only teaches finesse, that it cannot prove hurtful to a courageous adversary. This, however, is merely reviving an opinion maintained by the pupils of the old school, in which strength generally prevailed over skill. It is now evident that preparation is necessary for every exercise, but more particularly for that in which hostilities take place; and what is sparring but a preparation, and of the nearest affinity to boxing? The advocates for this opinion might, with equal property, assert that shooting at a mark was of no service in forming an expert gunner.

"It should be generally understood, that the practice of sparring is recommended as if in real action. No manœuvres, no attitudes ought to be adopted, unless experimentally, but what would be introduced in actual fight. For instance, let any one suppose a sparring-room the scene of battle, and exert himself upon that principle, he will easily habituate himself to the exercise of all his powers, and act by the same rules in the hour of danger."

It is the departure from this latter recommendation which leads many to condemn the practice of sparring as injurious in its tendency, and leading men to flap and open their hands in actual fight, as in the commonplace practice of the sparring-rooms. Professed boxers should, on all occasions, avoid what is termed "light play," and invariably bring all their energies and skill into action. It is by this means they become prepared for serious encounter, and acquire that tensity of muscle essential to physical execution, added to which, to the spectator the exhibition becomes doubly interesting as well as instructive, from the near approach of the "mock" to the "real" encounter; and we have seen "glove-fights" in all respects as exciting, although no real mischief could be inflicted, as if the party were engaged in a twenty-four foot ring.

Happily, in modern times, boxing, which is purely a national game, has been reduced to a perfect science, and although amusement is occasionally derived from the rude assaults of untaught practitioners, the display of generalship by two well-matched men, skilled in the art of attack and defence, excites unqualified admiration. We have (in our "Brief History of British Boxing") described Jackson's mode of instruction—which it is no detraction from the merits of his successors to say has not been excelled—for we believe a more perfect master of the art never undertook the task of tuition, or one more capable, by language, of conveying a thorough knowledge of the principles upon which his system is founded. Mr. Jackson had the advantage of early education, as well as of constant intercourse with men of the highest intellectual acquirements, from whence it may be inferred that his means of information and improvement were superior to those by whom he has been followed, while his style acquired a polish which men less fortunate would in vain attempt to imitate. That the modern masters are deficient in practical knowledge, or are not perfectly competent intelligibly and effectively to convey instruction, far be it from us to insinuate; on the contrary, taking them in the aggregate, a body of men better conducted, or better informed, for their opportunities, is not to be found, or men who, in their communion with their pupils, deport themselves in a manner better calculated to maintain respect, and to secure the good opinion of their patrons.

It is by a strict attendance to the adopted rules of the boxing arena that the wild passions of men are controlled, and that reason steps in to curb the mere desire of revenge; and those who oppose the universal dissemination of these rules forget that by their mistaken prejudices they are perpetuating evils which it should be their duty to extirpate—hence the repeated use of the "knife" in gusts of anger, which men are not taught by "example" to control; and we need not describe how powerful the effect of example is, whether for good or evil. When boxing was less unpopular than at present, the use of the knife was unknown, and if two men quarrelled and determined on setting their difference in fair fight, the rules of the Ring were familiar to all, a ring was immediately formed, seconds were appointed, and fair play rigidly enforced. The weak always enlisted sympathy on his side, and a departure from "fair play" excited general execration; striking below the waistband, kicking, gouging, hitting when down, and all those practices denounced by the rules of fair boxing, found instant condemnation. Even little children imbibed the spirit of these rules, and in their childish combats adhered to them as strictly as to the moral truths enforced at their mother's knees. Unhappily, in modern times, not only children but adults have been deprived of lessons so important to the formation of their character, and it is because we conscientiously feel the positive advantage which society will derive from the study of the boxing art, that we now more strenuously recommend its diffusion in all parts of the kingdom, even at the expense of those "breaches of the peace," which, however lawless, are of incalculable advantage, and which if attended by peace-officers, would be stripped of the true ground of objection, namely, the assemblage of those, as at all other great meetings, whose object is not amusement or instruction, but plunder.

Independent of the lessons of fair play—which boxing by rule is intended to inculcate—it inspires confidence and contempt of personal suffering, the great attributes of the British character. There can, in fact, be no better preparative for our army and navy. It teaches a man to look his adversary in the face while fighting—to sustain the fiercest attack without flinching—to watch and parry an intended blow—to return with quickness, and to follow it up with resolution and effect. It habituates him to sustain his courage under bodily suffering, and when the conflict has ceased, to treat his enemy with humanity. The feeling of superiority which the practice of boxing gives an Englishman over a foreigner in private quarrel is carried into the field of battle, for the boxer cannot think of turning his back on a foe whom he has always deemed his inferior in combat.

With regard to the essentials for a boxer, we need hardly repeat, that courage stands foremost in the catalogue; and to this must be added physical power, without which it will be in vain to seek for distinction. There are few instances in which men have volunteered to become prize-fighters, unless they had an innate sense of their own superiority; although cases have occurred in which professed pugilists have exhibited the "white feather" in a most remarkable degree; proving that, although showy in the sparring-school, where suffering was avoided, in actual combat they were mere pretenders. The man possessed of sound bottom is he upon whom perfect reliance can alone be placed—and to such men should the exhibitions of real combat be confined. Men should be as nearly of equal weight and age as possible—although a few pounds, and often a few stones, may be conceded without risk, especially where science is opposed to mere brute strength. All men must feel that there is a certain weight at which they are at "their best," and if they be reduced below this, however light and active in body, and buoyant in spirit, where great muscular exertion and endurance is necessary, they too late discover their mistake by premature exhaustion. Many instances are on record in which these injudicious reductions have been attended with defeat, and therefore they are strongly to be condemned. Upon this point we have referred more particularly in our observations of training.

Whether with the gloves or with the naked hands, the easy and unconstrained position of the body is of the first importance—the left leg a little advanced, enables you to be prepared to spring from the right, or to step back as circumstances may require. This refers to a right-handed man; but with a left-handed man the reverse of the position is adopted. The guards are various; some men hold their hands higher than others; some place their left, some their right in advance; but this, as we have already said, must always depend on circumstances. Rapidity of action is every thing, and the straighter the blow goes from the shoulder to its destination the better, and this with the full force of the body and muscle, and not, as practised by some, a sort of half-armed hit, which carries but half the intended execution. The first blow, it has often been said, is half the battle, and he who can lead off with effect, not only discourages his opponent, but increases his own confidence. In hitting and stopping at the same moment there is this objection, that it divides the energies and lessens the effect of the intended compliment; but here again the judgment must be exercised. The most celebrated men, whether of light or heavy weight, in modern times, lead off with their left, bringing up their right, as opportunity offers, and the face is almost invariably the point aimed at. The nose, as its contusion affects both eyes, and prevents effective delivery, but the eyes, in turn are not less important to assail. Body blows are by no means so much in favour—except among the inexperienced—as in ancient times; but they are, nevertheless, often delivered with effect, especially on an opponent who is slow. Counterhitting, that is, each delivering with the same hand at the same time, is much in vogue, and—where distance is well-judged—generally tells severely. On closing, in-fighting and fibbing are often practised with stinging consequences, although often frustrated by grasping the offensive "weapon;" but it would be useless to pursue those details here—for although a battle might be described, the variations with respect to cause and effect are so numerous, that no two fights would be parallel in their character. We must again, therefore, refer to the master, to the examples of the sparring-schools, and to the Ring, and shall now, with a view to a clearer comprehension of what we deem the essential groundwork of pugilistic acquirement, describe in detail some of the main features of a battle, to which close attention is recommended.

[To be continued.]

Laconic Correspondence.

At the time that Gibraltar was closely besieged by the combined French and Spanish forces, both by sea and land, the garrison was often straitened for provisions, on account of the closeness of the blockade, and they were sometimes obliged to draw supplies from Barbary, where the garrison had an agent of the name of Brown. General Boyd, who was Commissary General, wrote to the agent for an immediate supply, and, wishing to avoid the danger of letting the enemy know his distress, should his messenger fall into their hands, he couched his application in the following laconic, but expressive words:—

Brown,
Beef.
Boyd.

The agent was successful in sending a supply to the garrison, and with it the following answer:—

Boyd,
Beef,
Brown.

☞ An Irishman making love to a lady of great fortune, told her, "he could not sleep for dreaming of her."

☞ The climax of human indifference has arrived when a woman does not care how she looks.

THE RING.

Fight between Ned Donnelly and George Brown, for £30 to £15.

This match which, after long sparring and much "talkee, talkee," grew out of the failure of Brown's negotiations for a shy at Young Noon, at last took the form of signing articles, Brown to fight catch weight, Donnelly confining himself to 9st 6lb, posting 30*l.* to Brown's 15*l.* Brown on the day was about 7lb heavier than his opponent, but this advantage was more than balanced by Donnelly's Ring experience and success, his defeat of Dan Collins, and his drawn battles with Bill Hayes, having tested his fighting capabilities and gameness in the opinion of the London Ring-goers, apart from his Scottish and provincial victories. Brown had made but one previous show in the P.R., when he had displayed some promising qualities, and his reputation as a glove-practitioner, and in some outside battles, was of some standing. The friends of Donnelly were very confident, and 6 to 4, 7 to 4, and lastly, during the fight, 2 to 1 was invested upon him. The Waterman No. 1 having picked up the belligerents at North Woolwich, made its way to the battle-field, a little below Gravesend. An eligible spot having been selected, and the ring formed, at a little after three the men, attended by their seconds, Keene and Grant for Brown, East and Hayes for Donnelly, entered the arena, and soon after the principals stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Brown, who has splendid arms and shoulders, was much the longer reached man; his skin was clear, his look cheerful, and he seemed to have paid attention to his training. Donnelly was rather finer drawn than we have seen him, and appeared small altogether, though close and wiry. His mug bore more the aspect of a veteran fighter than that of his adversary, yet he is younger in years, Brown numbering 28 summers and himself but 26. After some sparring, in which Brown showed good tactics as a glove practitioner, the men got closer at it. Brown tried a long shot with his left more than once, but Donnelly stopped him neatly, and stepped back laughing. Brown seemed rather in a hurry, and after reaching Donnelly's head slightly, got a most unmistakeable smash in the right eye, which made it twinkle again. In the scrimmage which followed both got pinked, Brown retorting on Donnelly's kissing organ. [A claim of *first blood* for Donnelly.] In the rally Brown was down.

2. Donnelly stopped Brown's left several times with much ease. As Donnelly broke ground Brown got inside his foot, and popped in a heavy blow on Donnelly's mouth, which balanced the account by bringing blood. He fought in rather hastily, but did not produce any particular effect, getting three or four very sharp knocks on the head, and a nose-ender that drew the claret copiously. Brown got down near the middle stake.

3. Donnelly made several offers, but Brown shifted cleverly, and would not be planted on, showing himself no novice in Ring tactics. Getting near, there were sharp counter-hits with the left, Donnelly slipping as he was retreating, then turning his back and slipping away from Brown in the corner, again half faced round and delivered a couple of facers so rapidly that Brown was on his knees. [2 to 1 on Donnelly (tk).]

4. After some brief manœuvring, in which there were good stops on both sides, Brown tried his right at Donnelly's body, and reached him very low, about the belt. This led to some exchanges, and Donnelly getting close had all the best of the half-arm hitting; he jobbed Brown in the nose and mouth heavily. The latter fought up rather wildly, and drove Donnelly through the ropes. [Cheers for Brown.]

5. A short rally, when Donnelly again turned as if to run away. Brown would not be caught again, nodded his head, and resumed his attitude. Exchanges, when Donnelly pursued Brown, and the latter slipped down on his knees; Donnelly, in swinging round, hit Brown. [A claim of foul, but the blow decided to be unintentional.]

6. Some sparring, when Brown, who shewed marks of severe visitations about the frontispiece, went to work-one two. Donnelly got in a hit on Brown's chin, and both down, Donnelly first, laughing.

7. No harm done, both nodding and grinning; at length Brown closed and threw Donnelly.

8. Brown made the fighting, but certainly had second best in the exchanges; he was already damaged in one eye, bleeding from nose and mouth, and pinked in various places. He was down to close the round.

9. Some smart mutual compliments, the marks of which were much more visible on Brown than Donnelly, Brown fighting fast; a close and struggle; both down in an embrace.

10. Brown delivered his left rather low, there was a scramble at the ropes, and Brown was on his knees, amid loud cries of "foul." [Another claim that Donnelly had hit his man unfairly, but they went on.]

11. Donnelly let go both hands, and nailed Brown on the nose and cheek; he bled copiously, and tried to clear his throat. Brown got down near the centre stake by a sort of slip, and Donnelly's right hand barely missed his head as he was in an unfair position to receive a blow.

12. Brown rushed at Donnelly and hit him in the mouth; exchanges, and Donnelly fought Brown to the ground.

13. Brown seemed rather abroad from the visitations to his snuffbox, but he bore up cheerfully. Donnelly appeared in an unusual hurry to do something, for he again drove Brown to the ropes, and hit random.

14. Nothing remarkable. A scramble and a hit or two.

15. Brown, after delivering a rap on Donnelly's face, broke ground; his opponent stepped after him, pushed him against the ropes near the centre stakes, and fell over him. Both were on the rope for a second or two, amid cries of "foul," Donnelly uppermost. Brown reached the ground, and those close by *said* that Donnelly struck him with his right while in that position. The fight was claimed, and Brown was taken from the ring. Some remonstrances were made, and anti-Chesterfieldian phrases exchanged, but it was announced that the referee had awarded the battle to Brown, although many allege that the men were in such a position that the referee could see neither of them, and that his decision was entirely wrong. Donnelly's hand never having reached his opponent. Time 42min.

Fight between Trainer and Davies of Gloucester, for £20 a side.

On Monday morning the above named men met at Saloman's, the Crown Inn, Defford, Worcestershire, to go to scale, according to articles, and both came within the stipulated weight of 8st. Their condition was first-rate. Trainer was backed from Tom Evans's of Birmingham, whilst Davies found a friend in Clarke, of the Phœnix Inn, Cirencester. The place named for the fight was Defford Common: but just as the belligerents were about to move towards the place, the police walked into the Crown, and stated that no fight would be allowed to come off in their district. A council was held, and it was determined to try Brockridge Common, Gloucestershire, about five miles further from Defford. Here a ring was formed, and the men soon made their appearance, Trainer attended by Jem Hodgkiss and the Milkman (Eden) of Birmingham, whilst Davies had the attentions of Edwards and Smith of Cheltenham. Some delay occurred in the choice of a referee, but Burton of Leicester was eventually decided on. There was a pretty good sprinkling of company—the greater part from Cheltenham, a few from Gloucester, the Birmingham men being few and far between. The betting was slightly in favor of Trainer, who laid his opponent £3 to £2 on the event, and at half-past one, all being in readiness, the men toed the scratch, and commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The tactics of Trainer are well known. Davies, who is the lesser man of the two, is a right-handed fighter, standing with his right foot foremost, which appeared to puzzle Trainer at first not a little. Some manœuvring took place, and Davies tried his left hand, but was well stopped by Trainer, who went in, and some slight exchanges took place, without doing any harm to either. Both down in a scramble.

2. Trainer worked round his man, and let fly a rattling left-hander on the potato-trap, which drew the claret pretty freely. [*First blood for Trainer.*] A sharp round followed, and in the end both were down.

3. A bustling round, without any advantage to either man.

In the 4th Trainer made play, and nobbed his man, who returned it slightly on the left eye. Trainer rushed in, threw Davies a burster in beautiful style, falling heavily upon him.

5. Both came up briskly, and a rattling round took place, Davies nobbing his man, which was returned with a flush hit over the left eye; a scramble, and both down.

6. Trainer led off and caught his man full in the chest, which sent him to grass. [*First knock-down for* Trainer.] After this, Trainer continued to take the lead, punishing Davies severely about the mazzard, and closing his left eye completely, as well as administering some awkward taps about the body. In fact, Trainer had the fight in hand all through. Davies seemed to get weaker every round, and to lose all energy and confidence.

In the 19th Round Trainer planted a smashing cross-counter hit on the jaw, followed Davies home to the ropes, and there administered some severe punishment. At this crisis, when all thought the mill was over, the police made their appearance, and a hasty retreat was beat. The referee named a spot about a mile and a half across the Common, which was in Worcestershire, and here the men met again, after a lapse of one hour and a half. After a delay of some little time in preparations for a renewal of the combat, "time" was called, and Trainer, all alive and without a scratch, advanced to the middle of the ring. Davies, who presented a dreadful picture, his left eye being completely closed, his mouth much cut and swelled, and his body and head being otherwise seriously damaged, did not appear very willing to leave his corner. His seconds finding this, and seeing that to prolong the contest would be only exposing their principal to useless suffering, threw up the sponge, and Trainer was proclaimed the winner, after fighting 19 rounds in 35 minutes. Immediately after this ceremony Davies was seized with a fit, from which it took him some time to recover.

The Prize Fight at Shaw's Flat.

The "Union" says the great prize fight for $1500 a side, between Hugh O'Neil and Yank Lacy, came off near Shaw's Flat on Sunday afternoon. The contest began at 2 o'clock, and the pugilists fought twenty-eight rounds, consuming an hour and five minutes, when O'Neil was declared winner, and received the prize money. Yank was punished very severely, but O'Neil, with the exception of a cut across the head and temple, was little injured. An immense concourse of persons were on the ground. A serious accident occurred to a portion of the party on their way home. A large wagon, containing eleven persons, was upset on the brow of an almost perpendicular hill, at Robinson's Ferry, and nearly the entire party thrown over the bank. A man, named Washington Harrington, formerly of New York, was pitched violently against a rock and instantly killed. One other person was seriously injured, and several slightly. O'Neil sprang out, seized a bush, to which he clung, and thus escaped. The body of the wagon was found at the base of the hill after the accident.

YACHTING.

Windermere Sailing Match.

This match was sailed on Wednesday, the 13th of July, the prize to be contended for, being a silver claret jug, liberally presented by Mr. Astley of Fellfoot. The entries were as follows:

NAME.	OWNER.	Length on water line. FT. IN.
TRUANT	Mr. Grinnell	20 6
VICTORIA	Mr. Aufrera	32 0
LILY	Mr. Dickson	18 6
WAVE	Mr. Swinburne	24 0
EDITH	Mr. Littledale	24 0
HEATHER BELL	Mr. Fell	21 0
FREDERICA	Mr. Bryans	17 0
SWEDE	Mr. Clowes	16 0
OSPREY	Mr. Molesworth	19 0
ST. MARY	Mr. Addison	17 0
ELLINOR	Mr. Preston	21 6

The Ellinor, Osprey, and Truant had never before sailed on Windermere, and, indeed, great was the dismay of the lake sailors when the fact that the latter (the fame of whose performances had penetrated even into Westmoreland) was to be one of the competitors was placed beyond dispute by her arrival on the lake. The day was not a favourable one for a sailing match, as, although fine, there was but little wind, what there was being from the S. E., and extremely variable. The boats took up their stations about a quarter to one, and the signal for starting was given at one. The Lily and Wave were the first off, closely followed by the Truant, &c. The Heather Bell had the misfortune to run aground very early in the performance. She remained hard and fast for some hours, and consequently took no further part in the race. The fleet very soon began to separate itself into two divisions, the first consisting of the Truant, Victoria, Lily and Wave; the remaining boats, headed by the Osprey and Frederica, formed the second. The leading boats kept very much together till opposite Flock Park, where the Truant drew ahead, followed by the Victoria, the Lily being third, and the Wave fourth. In this order they rounded the flag-boat opposite the landing, the Truant one minute and a half before the Lily. There was no decided change of position during the run to Greythwaite, except that the Truant and Victoria rather increased their distance from the Lily. The latter and the Truant attempted to set their square sails, but the wind was so variable that it was not effected, and they consequently hauled them down again having taken nothing by their motion. The Truant was the first to round the flag-boat opposite Greythwaite, very closely followed by the Victoria, and in three minutes and a quarter by the Lily. During the beat back to Fellfoot, the Victoria and Truant were close together, and a very sharp struggle was terminated by their passing the flag-boat as follows:

	H. M. S.
VICTORIA	4 3 15
TRUANT	4 3 45
LILY	4 7 45

After the allowance of 2min 30sec per foot on the difference of length on the water line had been made, the Lily was declared winner by one minute.

Royal Cork Yacht Club.

At a meeting of yacht owners of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, held at the club house, Queenstown, on the 4th inst, it was resolved that "Ackers's" signal flags, as used in his code of signals, should be adapted to the private signal book of the R.C.Y.C., so that by means of the one set of flags the yachtsmen of the club will be enabled to hold communication with the yachts of the other royal yacht clubs who have adopted "Ackers," with the vessels of their own fleet by their private book, with men of war, and with merchantmen. This is a judicious movement on the part of this ancient and time-honored yacht club, and a certain indication of the gradual advancement which is taking place amongst yachtsmen towards the adoption of a universal code of rules and regulations by which all royal yacht clubs should be governed. A meeting of the regatta committee took place on Wednesday, the 6th inst, when it was resolved that a prize of 100 sovereigns should be added to the programme for Thursday, Aug. 4, the second day of the regatta, to be sailed for by first class schooners exceeding sixty tons, no time to be allowed for difference of tonnage. This is something like yachting energy and a proper application of club funds. We hope that the spirited officers and members of this club will be rewarded to their best wishes, and that we are sure will be a crowded anchorage, plenty of burgees, full entries, a fair start, and, as their custom has always been, a clear stage and no favor, mayhap the Sverige, Mavis, Ariel, Louisa, Chance, Mayfly, Rosalind, Shark, Gitana, or last, though not least, the beautiful little Maria, may be induced to enter the lists for this handsome prize.

On Thursday, the 7th inst, a ballot took place, when the following noblemen and gentlemen were admitted members:—The Marquis of Ormond, Mirage schooner; Richard Exham, Esq; John Herrick, Esq; John Coppinger, Esq. and eight gentlemen were balloted for and elected honorary members.

Continued on 4th page.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

HOME MATTERS.

THE RING IN NEW YORK.

Prize Fight between French Charley and Ike Edsall.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13th.

Interference of the beaks—sudden flight.

A match had been made between the above parties some time since, and the preliminary arrangements were entrusted to certain friends for settlement. Edsall having won the choice of ground, at once selected a retired spot, adjacent to the dock at Hammond street, the privacy of which it was thought would prevent any interruption by the police. Both men were ably seconded, French Charley by Jimmy Webb and Big Benney; Edsall by Tom Farrell and Pete Ruton. As the time approached for the commencement of the battle, the spot selected was filled with a numerous assemblage of the fancy, and the friends of the combatants. In a short time after the arrangements had been completed, the seconds made their appearance, accompanied by

The Men.

The appearance of the men was the signal for shouts of applause, inasmuch as some pains had been taken by their seconds to bring each man into the ring in good condition, and as they divested themselves of all superfluous covering, it was apparent that both were well prepared to undergo a severe drubbing. After a little delay, time was called, and both men came up to the scratch for

Round 1.

Edsall approached his man cautiously, and as soon as he got within reach, lunged out his right and left, making his one, two on the knowledge box of Charley, who, however, returned on the mug of Edsall. Edsall rushed in with both hands, upon which Charley slipt down to avoid punishment.

Round 2.

Both came up rather slowly. Edsall led off, catching his opponent slightly below the belt, on which a cry of foul was raised by the friends of Charley, and on an appeal being made to the referee, that gentleman not wishing to bring the sport to a conclusion so soon, decided that the fight should proceed, although it was clearly proved that the blow given by Edsall was foul. Several minutes elapesd while this question was being settled, during which time much confusion prevailed among the outsiders, but at length the decision of the referee having been announced, order once more was restored, and time being called, the men stood up for

Round 3.

The men had been considerably refreshed during the appeal to the referee, and Frenchy fiercely led off, catching Edsall with stunning effect on the mug, and slightly drawing the claret, and thus winning *first blood*. Edsall rushed in for the fall, and both went down, Frenchy under. Frenchy's leg was severely injured in the fall, having been caught in an awkward position.

Round 4th and last.

The injury received by Frenchy in the last round apparently caused him great pain, and Edsall had the best of the hitting, although Charley rushed in, and endeavored to maintain the ground he had before gained, but he was met with a powerful blow on the smeller, which knocked him out of distance. Charley persevered, however, and finally reached Edsall's rib with a heavy right hander, but received one in return on his frontispiece. The fighting throughout this round was well kept up, neither party having much advantage, and the ground was well contested. As if by mutual agreement, the men approached their corners to receive those little attentions so necessary for the comfort of each. Both men reluctantly left their corners, and slowly crept to the mark. On getting into position the seconds suddenly informed the principals that the M. P.'s were on the look out for them, on which they immediately beat a retreat, and in a few seconds before the police reached the ground, principals, seconds, spectators and all had cleared the field; and thus ended the fight on Hammond Street dock.

REMARKS.

Very little can be said respecting the merits of the fight, for its short duration precluded all chances of determining the pugilistic abilities of the parties. According to the rules, it was the duty of the referee to give his decision honestly, if he was satisfied that the blow given by Edsall in the second Round was foul.

The Southwark's Challenge.

As we imagined would be the case, the boastings of the Providence firemen have turned out to be pretty much talk. An effort is being made to "back out" from accepting the Southwark's Challenge on the ground that it is a species of gambling. It won't do, gentlemen; if it is gambling you should have looked upon the late match at New Haven in the same light, for there a prize was awarded to the Gaspee. Perhaps they considered that as a *small* specimen of gambling, which would not conflict with their religious notions. If the Gaspee can't come to time, why don't she say so, "what's the use in keeping the party waiting."

Where's Waterman? Is he also frightened? Come, show your hand—your boldness in puffing up your own workmanship has'nt died out, already, has it? Can't you get up a little interchange of courtesies between yourself and Mr. Agnew, eh? Frightened, eh? Backing out with the victorious (?) Gaspee, eh? To what a pitiable condition have you all come at last.

2500 DOLLARS—*where's the Gaspee?*

Since the above was written we have received the following communication from Providence. The Gaspee, it will be seen, wishes to reduce the amount offered by the Southwark to $1,500. Whether the Southwark will agree to this we cannot say; but if the Gaspee cannot raise the $2,500, perhaps the Southwark will agree to the reduction.

PROVIDENCE, August 13.

"Will the Gaspee come to time?" I rather think so; the following advertisement savors somewhat of it. It is addressed

To the Southwark Engine Company,
No. 38, of New York,

Your communication of 8th inst. is at hand, expressing great dissatisfaction at the decision of the Judges at the "New Haven Festival," and challenging us to another trial of our respective engines.

Believing, as we do, that the decision was a righteous one, and being fully sustained in our opinion by the community at large, we feel great pleasure in giving you another opportunity for a trial of superiority, and accept your challenge, with these alterations

The trial to come off in Providence within thirty days, and for the sum of $1,500.

Should this be accepted, $500 of the amount to be put up by each party, as a forfeiture, within fifteen days from the date, in some responsible hands satisfactory to both parties. The balance, $1,000, to be put up on the morning of the trial.

Seven days notice to be given us of your acceptance. Any communication addressed to the undersigned will receive immediate attention. JOHN H. KINYON,

For the Committee, Gaspee Fire Engine Company, Providence.

It is to be hoped that the Southwark will accept this proposal, and that the affair may be thus finally settled.

The grand trial, to which the firemen of all the other States in the Union are invited, is to come off on the 31st of this month. The prizes will consist of three beautiful silver trumpets (much more appropriate than goblets), with suitable inscriptions thereon. Engines to be classed and played under the following regulations:

First class will play through 450 feet leather hose.

Second class through 350 feet.

Third class through 250 feet.

Horizontal or perpendicular, as the committee may direct at the time.

The hose and pipe to be of such size as companies may deem best adapted to the capacity of their machines. Each company to have but one trial, of one minute's duration. The engines will be classified on the ground.

Companies intending to be present on this occasion, are requested to give immediate notice, by letter, to Charles E. Carpenter, Esq., Providence, R. I.

Yours, PROVIDENCE

THE TURF.

Columbia Trotting Course, Alexandria, Virginia.

FRIDAY, August 5, 1853—Trotting Match for $200, $50 added by the Proprietor. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to skeleton wagons.

Geo. Nelson's br. g. *Scotlie* (of Philadelphia)	1	3	1	1
J. L. Doty's br. g. *Doctor* (of New York	2	1	2	2

Time 2:55—2:51¼—2:55—2:58.

As both horses were strangers, there was but little disposition shown to bet until after the first heat, when the friends of Scotlie began to offer odds, and found a few takers At the end of the second heat the friends of the Doctor were in better humor, and freely took all even bets offered; but the third heat changed the current again, and two and three to one were offered on Scotlie, and taken briskly by the backers of the little horse. My notes (taken on the back of a letter) furnish the following account:—

First Heat—The Doctor having won the pole, both horses got off well together, the Doctor leading past the stand half a length; on turning the corner, however, he broke, and Scotlie made a jump or two, but both were soon brought down and went away to the half mile at a spanking pace, when they were neck and neck. They kept this position to the three-quarter pole, when Nelson rallied Scotlie and took the lead and kept it, coming in half a length ahead of his competitor. I have rarely, if ever, seen a more closely contested heat, and the time (2:55) was considered remarkably good over this Course.

Second Heat—After one false attempt both horses got off well, but Scotlie broke soon after passing the stand, when the Doctor took the lead, and at the half-mile pole had opened a gap of three lengths. Nelson here attempted to pass him, and on reaching the three-quarter pole was alongside; but coming down the last quarter Scotlie broke and enabled the Doctor to take an advantage of three lengths, which he gallantly kept home, in 2:51¾

Third Heat—Nearly a recapitulation of the first; the Doctor taking the lead, but losing it at the half mile, and coming in between three and four lengths behind.

Fourth Heat—The Doctor got a slight advantage in the start, but was soon overhauled by Scotlie, who went away from him briskly, while the little horse had evidently already done his best. He, however, contested the match with true spirit, and only lost by two lengths.

Altogether, the race was very satisfactory to all concerned, and I hear that we are soon to have a match for $250 a side between Scotlie and old Trenton. There are other matches talked of, but I have not got the names of the horses.

Funny Fan.

Reader, don't neglect to read Funny Fan's capital description of her boarding-house expedition. It opens and closes equally well.

MONROEVILLE TROTTING COURSE.

The trotting over the Monroeville Course for the improvement of driving horses, will commence on Tusday, October 4, 1853, and continue five days. The following purses will be given:—

Tuesday, Oct. 4.—Purse $25, with an inside stake of $15, half forfeit, for all trotting horses that never won any money, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to go as they please.

Wednesday, Oct. 5.—Purse $50, with an inside stake of $25, half forfeit, for all trotting horses, two mile heats, in harness

Thursday, Oct. 6.—Purse $50, with an inside stake of $25, half forfeit, for all driving horses, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in double harness.

Friday, Oct. 7.—Purse $125, with an inside stake of $60, half forfeit, for all trotting horses, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Saturday, Oct. 8.—Purse $75, with an inside stake of $36, half forfeit, for all trotting horses, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

All entries for the above purses must be ade on the day previous to its coming off. Three horses to make a fiell for all, except in double harness. The winning horse excluded from entering for the future purses, except in double team. CONE & BROWN.

Monroeville, Huron Co., Aug. 3, 1853.

Yacht Match.

The regatta at Ocean Springs, La., gave rise to a spirited banter on the part of some of the young gentlemen engaged in the sports. It is this, as copied from the New Orleans "Picayune":—

"The owners and friends of the new yacht *Venture* challenged the owner of the *Sylph* to sail a match for $500. The challenge was promptly accepted, and we understand that the affair is to come off on the 10th of August. Both yachts took prizes in the regatta."

The Jullien Humbug.

Is'nt it sickening to read the stuff in the daily and weekly papers concerning this foreign musician. Every little incident of his life is narrated with minuteness, and endeavors made to impress the American people with the belief, that every word said or written about him is true.

Here is a specimen of how some of our independent editors write about foreigners:

"If Jullien became the rage among the people generally, he was the utter delight of the ladies. His immaculate cravat, with its incomparable tie, his vest of snowy whiteness, his delicately-tinted kids, those exquisite cuffs, matchless whiskers, and the indescribable grace with which he wielded his baton, were all wonderful and charming, and would throw his admirers into a kind of ecstacy. His success in this country will no doubt be of the Jenny Lind character, overwhelming and immense."

If it were not that we are opposed to profanity, we should say the above was the d—d'st lot of soft soap and nonsense ever put together. Immaculate cravat—vest of snowy whiteness—tinted kids—exquisite cuffs—matchless whiskers—kind of ecstacy, &c., &c. Is not such language disgraceful to the American people? Is it not sickening to read? And all this for the gratification of some foreign concern, coming here to assist in humbugging us. It is also said that he gives concerts for the million, that his entertainments are on the cheap scale, and that he tries to suit the people, &c., &c. We shall see. We have had concerts at all prices within the last three years; and as the peoples' idea of cheapness is about twenty-five cents for a single admission, we shall expect, if he really wishes to please the people, that he will put the price of tickets at that figure. Do you think he will, fellow-citizens? Not a bit of it. Tinted kids would not sit in the same room with one of the democracy; and all the fuss made about cheap monster concerts is but a part of the prevailing system of gulling the citizens of New York. Encourage our own people, keep these foreign adventurers in the background, and let them see that there is a point at which "forbearance ceases to be a virtue."

Immaculate cravat—tinted kids—matchless whiskers—soft soap—oh! Bring us a bottle of "cam-fire!" We shall go into a swoon or sworee, we forget which. Kids.

Progress of the Fight.

Just as everybody thought the Turkey and Russia difficulty had been amicably settled, the Humboldt brings us news that another *ultimatum* is to be sent off. We should not be surprised if these ultimatums are paving the way for the "great war" which must take place before long. Let us hold our breath, and listen for the first gun from Turkey.

The London "Times" and our Exhibition.

The London Times has a very sarcastic article on the opening of the New York Crystal Palace, and the ceremonies connected with that opening. It is particularly severe on President Pierce, and compares his trifling duties with the enormous exertions made by Queen Victoria on the opening of the English Exhibition.

The allusion to President Pierce at once shows the motive for the attack. The mortification of the English at the seeming neglect with which we received a live English Lord in this republican country, must find some object on which to retaliate, and the London Times, on behalf of the mortified subjects of the British Crown at once took up the subject of President Pierce's opening of the Palace, and eased itself of a little of that ill feeling which is its usual characteristic. We rather think the glorious and enthusiastic reception extended to the Earl of Ellesmere on his arrival in America, will have a tendency to stop any further exportations of live Lords.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AUGUST 20, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor. | FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

Wholesale Agents

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ROSS & JONES, 21 Ann Street.
S. HALLOCK, 150 Fulton Street.
YATES & SEELY, 15 Ann St.
MIKE MADDEN, 47 Ann Street.

☞ Either of the above Agents are prepared to supply orders for the Clipper, from city or country, in large or small quantities.

Apology.

Owing to disappointment in receiving our Foreign Correspondence in time, and the extreme heat almost stopping sporting matters at home, the Clipper is not quite so rich this week as we intended it should be. Our next number, however, will be a good one. Look out for it.

THE SKIPPER'S CABIN.

A TALK WITH OUR FRIENDS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Reminiscenses of the Yellow Fever in New York.—The frightful ravages of the yellow fever in New Orleans, have furnished a topic of conversation for all classes. While our Southern friends are being carried off by thousands by the dread pestilence, it is a matter of consolation to us that our own city is entirely free from any infectious disease, though at various periods since 1791, New York has suffered severely from the fatal effects of yellow fever. It was first observed here in 1791, when General Malcolm and many other respectable citizens fell victims to its fury. In 1798 it was more fatal than at any period since. The first victim was Mr. Melancthon Smith, who was taken sick at his store in Front street, near Coenties Slip, and died soon after. Very few cases, however, occurred until August 20, when the disease began to rage with great violence in the lower part of the city, especially in Cliff and John streets. The docks from Coenties to Old Slip, were in a filthy condition, and the disease was supposed to have commenced its ravages in that neighborhood.

About the 24th of August, many persons began to leave the city, and many of those who had offices for the transaction of business towards the East River, moved to Broadway, which was deemed more healthy. The Custom House and other offices were fixed for the time in Broadway. On the 19th of September the deaths from fever reached the number of 63. About the 12th of November, the disease had so far disappeared as to warrant families in returning to their houses. The total deaths by fever were 2,500.

In 1799, 1800, 1803, and 1805, the fever again made its appearance, but was not so fatal as in '98. In 1805, the disease commenced its ravages in Front, Water, and Pearl streets, and principally below Burling Slip, afterwards on the North River; the low grounds on the margin of the two rivers produced a chief part of the cases, about 600 in all.

In 1822, the fever made its appearance in a different quarter from that in which it had commenced its depredations in former year. It was first seen in Rector street, towards the North River. It commenced on the 12th of July. On Saturday, the 24th of August, the city presented the appearance of a town besieged From daybreak till night, one line of carts, containing boxes, merchandise, &c., were seen moving towards Greenwich village and the upper parts of the city. Carriages and hacks, wagons and horsemen, were scouring the streets, and filling the roads. Temporary stores and offices were erecting, and on the following day, Sunday, carts were in motion, and the hammer and saw at work. Within a few days thereafter, the Custom House, Post-office, Banks, Insurance offices, and the printers of newspapers, located themselves in the village, or in the upper part of Broadway, where they were free from the impending danger, and these places almost immediately became the seat of the immense business usually carried on in this great metropolis. Friday, the 11th of October, was observed as a day of humiliation and prayer. On the 26th of October, the absentees began to return to their respective abodes, with a precipitation unparalleled. On the 5th of November, the Custom House, Post-office, &c., returned to their former habitation, the disease having entirely disappeared.

* * * * * *

The Swinish Orator.—The best thing of the kind we have read for a long time is the following from the Knickerbocker Magazine for August.

"A few years ago, a company was dispatched by "Uncle Samuel" to a survey of the state of Illinois and fix upon a location for an armory within its limits. A certain town on the Mississippi was deemed (by its citizens) a very favorable point; and after presenting various petitions, they were at length cheered with the intelligence that the topographical gentlemen were on their way, to examine the proposed site. The authities of the town were anxious to prepare them a distinguished reception. In completing the arrangements, one of its principal features was made a speech from the President of the Board of Trustees Colonel ——, one of the prominent men of the place. His address having been written, he read it off to Mr. K—, a distinguished lawyer, who himself tells the story. After a proper and really beautiful allusion to the advantages of the proposed location, it was made abruptly to address the strangers in these terms: 'But, gentlemen, it is like *casting pearls before swine*, to point out these, things to you!' He meant, of course, to say, that these advantages were so prominent that it was needless to portray them. 'Hold! hold, Colonel ——,' cried K——; 'You are addressing the gentlemen from Washington—presenting your views, not inaptly represented 'pearls,' to the strangers who thus occupy the place of '——, Oh! the deuce!' interrupted our orator. '*It makes 'em swine*, do n't it?' The old gentleman walked home with his speech, to give it a thorough revision.'

* * * * * * *

The Sorrowful death of Peter Gray and Lizianna Querl.—The following *poetry* should prove a warning to all young men and maidens, but more especially to hard-hearted fathers, who are generally the cause of such disasters as that *told by our tale.* Read and drop a "siliant" tear.

My song is of a nice young man
Whose name was Peter Gray;
The State where Peter Gray was born
Was Pennsylvania-a.

This Peter Gray did fall in love
All with a nice young girl;
The name of her I'm positive,
Was Lizianna Querl.

When they were going to be wed,
Her father he said "No!"
And brutally did send her off.
Beyond the Ohio-o.

When Peter found his love was lost
He knew not what to say,
He'd half a mind to jump into
The Susquehanni-a.

A trading he went to the West,
For furs and other skins,
And there he was in crimson drest
By bloody Inji-ins.

When Lizianna heard the news,
She straightway took to bed;
And never did get off of it
Until, she di-i-ed.

Ye fathers all a warning take—
Each one as has a girl—
And think upon poor Peter Gray
And Lizianna Querl.

* * * * * * *

Small Potatoes.—The New York Courier says, the late heavy rains have proved very destructive to small potatoes on Long Island. The Courier don't say anything about the effect had on *small potatoes in New York.* The New York Sun perhaps can inform us.

* * * * * * *

Epitaph or Oxitaph, we forget which.—On a smooth surface of a ledge of rocks at Rainsford Islands, that gem of Boston harbor, in front of the hospital, is the following epitaph:

Near these gray rocks,
Enclos'd in a box,
Lies Mr. John Coxe,
Who died of small pox!

* * * * * * *

True proverbs.—So soon as you have uttered a word, that word is your master; but as long as you have not uttered it, you are its master.

Who does not understand a look, will not comprehend a long explanation.

* * * * * * *

A Dutch Advertisement.—We copy the following from an exchange paper, and shall send Hans Vanbruggen no bill:—*Sothering.*—I dakes dis vay to inform de public vot I can do—dat I can make stove Bipes, Brass Copper and Tin vork of any kind, from a Still vorm to a Vistle, and I can Sother up the booter dea bots vot has a hole in em, and make em just as coot as new. All dish I vill do for de Moneys, at mine old stand in dish little Village, neer Vare de carpenter lives vot makes de Wheel-barrows and mands de vagons.—

HANS VANBRUGGEN.

* * * * * * *

Ker-souse.—The following was written by a genius who was laboring under an attack from the man with the poker:

I love to see a flock of sheep
All feeding on the mountain;
I love to see a drunkard drink
From out the living fountain;
At first upon his knees he gets,
And then he sticks his nose in,
But soon he slips, and then ker-souse,
His head and shoulders goes in.

* * * * * * *

Advice to little boys.—One of the public school spelling books contains the following important advice: Never go in the water till you know how to swim." It does not say what you must learn to swim in.

What they thought of it.

While almost everybody was complaining of the sad effects of the late spell of hot weather, boarding house keepers were in ecstacies. They said their boarders were more profitable to them last week than they had ever been before—that boarders would'nt eat hardly a morsel, and that it was an ill wind that did'nt blow anybody good, &c. &c. Wherever a boarder remarked how hot it was, the landlady was sure to say *she* thought it was very pleasant. In winter it is just the reverse—let a boarder complain of the cold, and the landlady thinks it is warm enough to roast an ox. Oh, the wickedness of this world.

Cooled off.

Since Sunday night last there has been quite a change in the weather, and we may now confidently hope that we will have no repetition of that hot week in August.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRICAL.

Broadway Theatre.

This establishment opened for the fall and winter season on Monday evening last Mr. Josh Silsbee made his first appearance since his return from England. The house was not full. The company, as it now is, cannot prove very attractive, nor be able to draw full houses, without the aid of extraordinary "star" assistance. Mr. Silsbee has not improved by his residence among the English. A trip "down-east" would perhaps be of more service to him, inasmuch as he would there have an opportunity to study the character of the Yankee in all its originality. Mr. Forrest will shortly make his appearance at the Broadway, when it will be a rarity to see empty benches.

Bowery Theatre.

The old Bowery looks about as good as new, both outside and in, the painters having been busily at work during the past few weeks. Mr Charles Burke, the favorite comedian, commenced an engagement on Monday night last, and was greeted by a large audience. The new farce of "Rappings and Table Movings" was produced for the first time on Monday evening, but proved a miserable failure. The performers did their best to make the piece succeed, and the audience seemed fully aware of that fact, yet it was utterly impossible to convince that audience that the new farce had any peculiar merit, or that the humbug of "Rappings" was little else than a humbug of the Bowery. The author does not understand the subject which he attempted to caricature, consequently it is impossible for those who do understand the subject of rappings, as practised in this country, to comprehend the burlesque, as given by Mr. Paul. Though announced for repetition on Tuesday evening, the new piece was withdrawn, and a more pleasing one substituted.

The friends of those old favorites, Mr. Eddy and Mrs. Parker, will be pleased to learn that a new engagement has been effected with them, and that they will appear on the Bowery boards about the first of next month. That they will receive a hearty welcome we are quite confident.

National Theatre.

The National continues the worn-out gag of Mrs. Stowe. "Old Mortality," and some of his long-faced brethren have favored the manager with their presence. "Old Mortality" liked it, so did the brethren. They think of making the captain a member of their church. The pitites have been favored with the company of some of the colored brethren. This is the beginning of the amalgamation, something similar to that which led to the destruction of the Abolition Hall in Philadelphia some years since. We trust the New York Abolition Hall may not meet with a similar fate.

Burton's Theatre.

Though a good company is attached to this house, yet we fear the one price system adopted by the manager will not improve the condition of the treasury.

Niblo's Theatre.

Tolerable houses at this theatre, though not up to what the management looked for.

MUSICAL.

The Italian Opera.

This concern has almost finished its course in this city, and the people will not be grieved by its absence. The houses this week have not paid expenses.

Wood's Minstrels.

This place of resort continues to attract fashionable audiences, and all seemed to be pleased with the entertainments. It is the most respectable place of the kind in Broadway.

White's Melodeon.

Charley White takes a benefit on this (Thursday) evening, for which occasion he has provided a capital programme. If you wish to "laugh and grow fat," spend an evening at the Melodeon, where you can enjoy yourself to your utmost desires.

The Undine Club of Philadelphia.

AQUATIC EXCURSION.

A portion of the members of the Undine Club, of Philadelphia, composed principally of the members of Southwark Engine Co., arrived here on Monday afternoon last, about five o'clock, in the schooner Jo. Bell They left Philadelphia on Saturday, at noon, and on the passage round by sea experienced some heavy weather, which tested the strength and speed of their vessel. The schooner, however, behaved well, and proved herself a capital sea-boat. About twenty-one persons in all participate in the pleasures of the excursion They have visited the Palace, and other objects of interest in New York, and leave here this (Thursday) afternoon on their way home, stopping at Cape May, Lewistown, and other places on the way. We wish them a pleasant time.

Dodge's Tale.

Would'nt it be well if the Sunday Courier folks would give the author of Dorcas, the Dressmaker, a chance for that $500 prize? An author who could write such a story as Dorcas, and that in such a very short time, would get up 600 columns in less than no time. Give Dorcas a chance. He's worth it.

Neatness and Ease.

The reputation gained by those excellent hatters, Messrs Rafferty & Leask, of No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Pearl and Chatham, in the manufacture of the most superior description of hats to be found in New York, is a gratifying evidence of public favor. Those gentlemen, however, by the addition of a daguerreotype likeness of each purchaser, inserted in the hats manufactured by them, is but another evidence of their liberality. Thus, in that most essential article of dress, the hat, Messrs Rafferty and Leask have combined beauty, neatness, and durability, while the likeness of the wearer will be always prized by kind and loving friends and relations, and serve as a pleasing memento of the past. To those who are about to purchase, we would recommend the stores above mentioned, with the full assurance that none will regret having taken our advice.

The Return Home.

As the cool mornings and evenings begin to manifest their ever welcome presence, our absent citizens, who have been rusticating among the hills and valleys of the country, or luxuriating amid the waves

"That washed the beach at Rockaway,"

or lashed the sandy shores of Cape May, will homeward wend their way to mingle once more in the busy scenes of trade, and to hear again the joyous laugh of young and old in the pleasant retreat of their own happy homes. Yet it must not be forgotten that the household goods need repair, those carpets must give place to new ones more pleasing to the eye, more soft and easy to the tread. In your absence, you may possibly have forgotten the number of Hiram Anderson's Splendid Carpet Warehouse, at 99 in the Bowery, where the greatest variety and the most abundant supply can always be found. Ye returned seekers after pleasure and pure air, neglect not to set your house in order, for the coming fall and winter months give promise of plenty of company, and gay and happy times.

Railroad Murders—Bribery of the Press.

The numerous and fatal railroad accidents which have taken place of late, have caused many of our citizens to inquire why it is the newspapers after a few days suffer the remembrance of these accidents to die out and be almost forgotten. The people think the press should follow up the subject, until the person or persons, through whose carelessness and disregard of life such deplorable results ensue, should be brought to speedy and terrible punishment. It should be so, but it *is not.* Why then is it not so? Is there any outside interest at work to change the mighty influence of an independent press, and set the murderer free? Ah, reader, you have said it. There *is* an outside interest at work, yet that interest in *your* eye seems too paltry to suppose for a moment that it could have the effect to muzzle and bind that mighty engine the press. Yet it is so. The publishers and editors of our independent press have presented them, by nearly all the lines running to and from this city, free passes over said lines. They *give* them, yet nothing is *said* at the time about any favors in *return. It is understood,* however. Have we not all read of the free excursions lately got up for the gratification of the press—the great dinners given to the press, &c, &c. Do you suppose, reader, that these things are given thus freely without any expectation of a return in another form? Of course you do not. Your own common sense teaches you it is not the nature of monied corporations or monster monopolies to thus *give* away what they *can sell!"* The corporations know it,—the proprietors of newspapers know it, and the people know it. It is a complete system of bribery; and those who for the last year have been crying out bribery and corruption against the aldermen of New York are perhaps more guilty of sin than those whom they denounce. And as long as these things continue, railroad murders and steamboat massacres will follow. Let the press speak out until an example is made of the guilty ones, and then, perhaps, there will be more security for travellers

Modern Definitions.

High Rents.—A privilege enjoyed by persons living in attics.

Low Rents.—A breaking out of one's trowsers.

Lumber.—Good board.

An old Dodge and a new Dodge.

Our friend Dodge, editor of the Boston Museum, and also projector of the great Concert given at Metropolitan Hall a couple of years since, wishing to encourage native talent, and foster the rising genius of the rising age, has very generously offered a premium of $500 for the best written tale, to fill *six hundred columns* of the Museum. Six hundred columns would make a very long tale for Dodge, but we believe he has sagacity enough to know how to make use of it. One thing don't exactly suit us—Dodge reserves to himself the right to choose his tale. Does he always do this? We merely ask the question for information. As for that long tale, Dodge, we wish you may get it.

Funny Fan Department.

NO. IV.

HUNTING BOARD.

Well, you may talk about the hot weather as *you please*, but for a married woman with children to hunt board is —— itself. Why, I never saw anything like it. Jones and me concluded to give up housekeeping and go to boarding, on account of the "uncommonly high price of feed." Well, no sooner said than done. Every article, from a beautifully soft and elastic feather bed, down to that indispensable article, the *cradle*, was sold off in a jiffy; and, leaving Jones to take care of the blessed little children, off I started on the new and, as I thought, *pleasing* duty of hunting board. Ah, there's a little bill on that house. Let me see what it says: "Gentlemen and their wives can be accommodated with pleasant *rooms* and board." Gentlemen and their wives—pleasant *rooms!* Jones and me don't want rooms; we always *stick together*. This must be a new way of being married; I don't like it though—would sooner be in the room with Jones—it's much more agreeable. No—I'll try further. See! there's another bill, "A few gentlemen can be accommodated." What's that mean, I wonder?—something wrong there, *I know*—Jones don't go there, I *can tell him*. Gentlemen accommodated!—wonder if they ever *accommodate the ladies?* I always thought people were more anxious to accommodate ladies than gentlemen; but these boarding houses—there's no telling what they are. There's a sign with the simple word "Boarding" upon it. That *must* be a good place—I'll try it, anyhow. Jing-a-ling-a-ling. "Well, ma'am, what you want?"

"Take boarders here?"

"Yes, when we're not full. *You* want board?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Married?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Got any children?"

"Why yes, you don't suppose that I'd got married *if it wasn't for the children, do you?*"

"Well, ma'am I'm sorry for you, *but our married boarders never have children; it's agin our rules!* Now and then, when there might be suspicions about 'em, we stops such *work right off*."

And the horrid old hag shut the door in my face, and left me wondering how it was she managed to keep a boarding house of that kind, and make both ends meet. After searching and searching, with the cry still ringing in my ears, "Any children," I finally gave up hunting board as a bad job, and hurried home to acquaint Jones with the result, and see if *he* knew how it was the old boarding-house keepers contrived to keep married folk from replenishing and multiplying.

"Why," says Jones, "you know the time we got married the minister said, 'let no *man* put us asunder.' You see he did not say anything about the *old women*, and that's the reason they do it."

Jones *was right*, and before I would be separated from Jones, or Jones from me, we resolved to *never mention board again*; and buying a new bed, and the other little fixins, we once more settled ourselves at housekeeping, and thus ends my bitter experience of hunting board *with children*.

Death's Doings.

What a sad sight did our city present during the close of the past and [illegible] commencement of the present week! Many persons who left home at morning, hale and hearty, were brought to their families at noon or eve, wrapped in the cold embrace of death. On all sides, in almost every street, could be seen crowds gathered around some object, for whose relief a few philanthropic individuals were devoting their time and attention. We had many sorrowful accidents related to us of the sudden and unlooked for death of young and old, of rich and poor. One young man who had remained at home during the forenoon of Sunday last, dressed himself towards evening for the purpose of visiting a female acquaintance. He reached the home of the lady, but was a corpse almost before he had entered the room. A man whom we saw laughing and joking in the morning, rode down to Washington Market to make some purchases, and on returning to his place of business, complained of feeling unwell, and ere relief could be afforded him, he was numbered with the dead. Houses once filled with joyous and happy faces, are now turned into habitations of grief and sorrow. The fond and loving wife, whose daily care had been to make glad the home of him she adored, now feels her sad situation painfully indeed; she is "desolate and lone;" her heart is with the dead, though she may not see him more. The hot week in August will form a period in our history of solemn and impressive events.

Trial of a Fire Engine's Power.

Previous to the departure of the new engine of Protection Engine Company No. 2, of Sacramento, to California, its power was tried by Engine Company No 5, of this City. The result of the trial, which came off at the North Dutch Church, was that she beat every engine which played against her. This powerful engine is of the piano size, and was made by Mr. James Smith, of West Broadway.

Great Burlesque.

ANOTHER IMPOSITION AT THE HIPPODROME

Unprecedented Attraction.

THE GREATEST TROTTING MATCH ON RECORD.

LADY SUFFOLK AND MAC.

HIPPODROME COURSE.

Friday Evening, Aug. 12.

For some time past it had been announced that those celebrated trotting horses, Mac and Lady Suffolk, would try their speed at the Hippodrome, on Friday evening, August 12. At the appointed time, a goodly company had assembled to witness the *race*, as they had no doubt whatever that a genuine race was intended. Everybody was anxious for the appearance of the horses, and when at last they made their appearance in the ring, the enthusiasm of the audience was wound up to the highest pitch. Money was put up by different persons that Mac would win; others again had more confidence in the Lady; in fact, the betting was carried on the same as at any other race course. The "little joker," however, was played more on the sly, and the knowing one's who were in the secret made a pretty good thing out of the credulity and ignorance of strangers, who had been deceived into the belief that at such a place as the celebrated French Hippodrome (?) no imposition of any description would be allowed. The "safe game" was not a safe game to all, and many an unlucky wight came away that night with the full conviction "that all was not gold, that glittered."

"Hay, hay," shouted the pit boys and the two celebrated trotters echoed in their own language, "hay, hay," but alas, there was no hay. The jockies, after a good deal of manœuvring and "outside show," *got up expressly for the occasion*, managed to get their horses ready for the start, but the noble animals seemed to feel their degraded position, and it was a considerable time, before a start could be effected.

"They're off," at last was shouted by our pit friends, and sure enough they were off. "G'long!" shouted the friends of the Lady, and "Put it to her, old boy," cried the backers of Mac. At the end of the first quarter the Lady was going on very leisurely, and Mac had stopped to take a look at his friends in the pit, with whom he appeared to be on terms of the closest intimacy. On looking at our repeater, we found that these celebrated trotters—Mac and Lady Suffolk—had accomplished the distance in the extraordinary time of 2 24. Lady Suffolk still led the way on the second quarter, but very considerately allowed Mac to close up with her, when the pit boys cried out, "Now he's got her!—give her h——ll, old top;" but old top, doubtless, thinking that

"Distance lends enchantment to the scene,"

very resolutely refused to give the Lady h——ll, and, in arguing the point with his driver, lost so much time as to make a wide breach between the Lady and himself. End of the second quarter, Mac 6 lengths behind; Suffolk 8½ lengths in front, and making the dust fly. Time, 2 26 Betting 2 to 1 on Mac—the spectators thinking that celebrated trotter would be all right on the return. Steady they go!—ah, Mac is doing good work now—stick to it, old hoss! But it was no go. The lady spread herself, and the anxiety of Mac to ascertain how his pit friends were making out, widened the breach once more, and the Lady came up to the last quarter pole one minute in advance of her competitor. The spectators began to be suspicious that Mac's driver had been tampered with, and a good many openly expressed themselves to that effect. Time, third quarter, 2 28. Now comes the tug of war. The horse reaching the starting point first would, of course, be entitled to the enormous stakes. Mac, knowing this, made an effort to reach her destination by taking a *short cut*, and most undoubtedly would have went in ahead of the Lady, but the driver of Mac, as if determined that Mac should not win the race, turned that doomed beast's head from the short cut, and then drove on at a *locomotive speed after Suffolk*. Two or three times Mac eyed the short cut, broke for it, but was again brought up *all standing*, and before the lost ground could be recovered, Lady Suffolk had reached the end of the course, making the last quarter in 2 30. Mac was *brought in* shortly after by her *driver*, who was received with loud demonstrations of disapprobation, and, had he not suddenly made himself scarce, we would not have given much to stand in his boots.

Poor Mac—noble Mac—your pit friends would gladly have avenged your wrongs but for the absence of your driver. The time could not well be beat, though the driver could. Such another race, and at the Hippodrome too, our fellow citizens will never have an opportunity of witnessing.

Time.—First	quarter,	2 24
"	Second, "	2 26
"	Third, "	2 28
"	Fourth, "	2 30

Total time in rounding the course, 9 48.

In the above report we believe we have given about as correct a description of the race as the occasion required. The match was gotten up as a burlesque to humbug the public, and right well was that burlesque carried out. That the owners of such noble animals should lend themselves to such a scheme, we are deeply surprised. Mac and Lady Suffolk, two of the fastest trotters in the country, brought into a common circus ring, to disprove all that had been previously stated of their ability to make the best time on record! Were the owners short of funds that they should injure their property, as that race undoubtedly did? We cannot believe for a moment that those gentlemen would knowingly make a burlesque of Mac and Lady Suffolk, yet that the thing was a burlesque there is no manner of doubt. The public have been humbugged numbers of times at the Hippodrome, but the slim audiences at present attending there, give promise that the thing is nearly at an end. It has not proved as profitable as was expected, and the managers by this time have doubtless found out that humbugging the public will not always prove remunerative.

P. S.—We have just been informed that Mac was not at the Hippodrome on the night in question. The use made of the name was an imposition.

The Young Lady with the Dropsy.

AN EXTRAORDINAY TALE.

In a car of one of the trains bound to New Haven, on Wednesday afternoon, was a well-dressed lady and her daughter, the latter of whom appeared to all present to be the object of the peculiar solicitude and care of a devoted mother. It appeared that the young lady was seriously ill, and a case of suffering that commanded general notice of the passengers. It was not long in attracting the attention and sympathy of the conductor. In answer to his tender and anxious inquiries, the mother informed him that her daughter was the victim of an aggravated case of dropsy, and she was hastening to that place in the hope of obtaining efficient medical aid. As the train sped on, the pains of the fair sufferer continued to increase, and she became more than ever the object of the delicate and assiduous attention of the *conductor* The depot in New Haven was finally reached, and the young lady was transferred to the ladies' sitting room, preparatory to arrangements for conducting her to the Hospital; but here she became so much overcome by the violence of her disorder that it was thought necessary by the conductor to summon the presence of a physician. One of our most eminent physicians was immediately called, the lady taken to a private apartment, and wonderful as it may seem, the skill of the physician in determining the diagnosis of her disorder was such, that in a short time she was *entirely relieved of the dropsy*, and placed in a comfortable condition, with an entire abatement of the *prominent symptoms of the disease*, and a prospect of speedy restoration to health Too much praise cannot be awarded to all concerned in bringing about this "consumation so devoutly to be wished," but more particularly to the warm-hearted gentlemen who were chiefly instrumental in effecting this happy denouement. May young ladies similarly situated be so fortunate as to fall into their hands.

P. S.—It has not yet been ascertained who is the father of the young lady's dropsy. Wonder if, like dropsy, it growed.

The Visiting Firemen.

A Washington fire company arrived in our city on Monday evening last, on a visit to the Crystal Palace, and for the purpose of "seeing the elephant" as it is in New York. No 14 Engine is doing the honors, and we have no doubt the Wsahingtonians will be well taken care of.

We do hope for the honor of our city, as well as for that of our firemen, that the press, the independent press, as it is called, will not, after the departure of the visitors, count the cost of reception, and parade it in their columns. It looks bad; it makes strangers think we are fond of letting the world know how much money we should have had in our pockets if the said fire company had staid where they belonged. It was said on a recent occasion, that these firemen's visits to New York were becoming too frequent. It should also have been mentioned that our own firemen visit other cities fully as often as strange firemen visit us. It is nothing but an interchange of courtesies, and has a tendency to encourage good feeling among the fireman of the Union. Once more, don't count the cost of the reception.

Sun-struck.

The larning of some of our policemen will occasionally find its way out. The following return was handed into the Chief of Police a few days since:—Michael Reynolds, was sun-struck, taken to the police court and *committed*.

The Hot Week in August.

The intense heat of the past week will long be remembered by those who "enjoyed" it; and the many sudden deaths from its effects will be recounted in after years, by persons who, at one time, considered themselves

"Unused to the melting mood,"

but whose experience of the past week has satisfied them that their participation in the "universal scalding" was a suffering. fromw hose *burn* they were in a great hurry to return.

A Trotting Horse or a Jackass.

The Albany Transcript of Aug. 9, says, a young man of about twenty-four years of age was last evening brought to the second district station house, and confined therein for his singular conduct in the streets Upon being interrogated by the officer in attendance, to ascertain whether he was sane or crazy, he told the official, in answer to a question put to him concerning the cause of his singular conduct, "that he was either a trotting horse or a jackass," and it puzzled him greatly to determine which of the twe specimens of the quadruped he belonged to. "But," said he, "if people would not 'time me' when I go through the streets, and say 'he's a trotter,' I should'nt let out—should'nt show them my time. Why, do you know that I am entered for the next trot at Saratoga Springs, going to a sulkey, best three in five, and I aint in no condition to trot either?" The poor fellow was allowed to cool down, and after sleeping a few hours, was this morning taken to Utica.

Sharking at Guilford Point.

On Monday last a party of gentlemen from the Guilford Point House succeeded in capturing six of these fellows. One of them, measuring 9 feet in length and weighing 325 lbs, was caught by Mr. W. S. Gillet, of Westfield, Mass. This is said to be the largest shark caught here for twenty years.

Well done, New York.

The voice of suffering humanity has again asked for aid from New York, and right nobly has she responded to the call. Over $20,000 were raised in a few days for the relief of the inhabitants of New Orleans, which city has suffered so severely from the ravages of the yellow fever. When there's work to be done for the assistance of cities afflicted by famine or pestilence, New York is "always ready," and her pride is to succor the needy. Let those who envy her citizens the distinction of being the most enterprising in the world, profit by her example

25 Cents admission to the Palace.

Much has been said about reducing the price of admission to the Palace to 25 cents, but the Directors, in their own wisdom, still refuse to accede to the wishes of the people, and the consequence is that the stubbornness of those Directors will finish what it has already begun—the ruination of the New York Crystal Palace speculation. For the credit of the city, we sincerely hope something may be none before it is too late. What has become of President Sedgwick? We have heard little of him since that great dinner to which the Sunday press received no invitation. We fear that, and the celebrated black-mail speech together, have sent the President of the New York Crystal Palace Association into private life once more. What a pity!

The Happy Family.

PROGRESS OF THE QUARREL

It being the duty of the Sunday Dispatch to say a few words in reply to the Sunday Courier, that journal contained a few remarks last Sabbath regarding the progress of events, in which it takes occasion to say, that it does not belong to the "Happy Family" of the Sunday press; that it is an outsider, and so on, and so forth. The Courier must come up to the scratch on the next Sabbath, toe the mark, and satisfy its readers and the public regarding the originality of "that story." We should be pleased to have the Courier answer the following questions:—Is Dorcas the Dressmaker really Dorcas the Dressmaker, or is Dorcas merely a counterpart of Ruth a book published a "long time ago?" Was'nt it a slight *mistake* in announcing Dorcas as having been written expressly for the Sunday Courier? Would'nt it be best to own up at once, and thus stop all further investigation? Would'nt it be advisable to spend a quarter of an hour among Dorcas the Dressmaker, in preference to a visit to the Hospital?

The Atlas is "into" the quarrel, but by its silence the last Sabbath we fear it is'nt pluck. Don't be afraid, Atlas, you can bear a great deal without breaking down.

The quarrel is really interesting, and reflects great credit on all those immediately interested, Dorcas especially. We shall continue to report the progress of events, notwithstanding *that half column of sporting news in the Courier*.

To Undertakers.

NOTICE.

Proposals will be received, at the offices of the different Railroad Companies in this city, for furnishing a complete, expeditious, and well-qualified body of undertakers, with all the necessary articles used in their branch of business, to accompany each railroad train leaving the city.

Specifications must state the price of coffins by the hundred, as a large quantity will be required to be kept constantly on each train, so as to be used without a moment's warning.

That no danger may accrue to undertakers, in the performance of the perilous duties required of them, they will be kept constantly by the side of the Conductor, that body of blameless individuals being alone acquainted with the certain mode of escaping danger. Those desirous of entering into the proposed engagement will send in proposals without delay.

The Horse Exhibition at Springfield, Mass.

We stated a few weeks since that it was in contemplation to have a great show of horses at Springfield, Mass., in September next.

No private interests or prejudices are at the bottom of the idea; it is the birth of an intelligent and enthusiastic pride in that noblest of all domestic animals—the Horse—and a desire to get together—what never has been got together—a grand collection of the various breeds and superior specimens of the Horse in all parts of the North. Out of it would flow many practical advantages to all parties; valuable information would be gained and exchanged, breeds would be improved, and a greater and a higher interest would be developed for the Horse and his usefulness.

And to how many thousands of people everywhere would not such an exhibition prove attractive? Enthusiasm, rivalry and curiosity would swell the collection, both of horses and of men, to an almost unlimited extent, were the scheme so broached and so pushed forward as to secure the public confidence in its success. Probably this week will see a definite conclusion come as to the matter. We trust it will be decided to go on and carry out the idea in its fulness and magnificence. It will cost work, perseverance, influence and some money; but the realization of the plan would be ample reward for all.

A Cat Fish Story.

The Fincastle, Va., Democrat says a boy 12 years of age, while fishing near Snido's Ferry, a few days since, was pulled into the river by the sudden jerk of a large cat fish, and drowned.

Counting the Beans.

A correspondent of the Herald, writing from Newport, says that there is a "scarcity of beans" at that once celebrated watering-place. This is not to be wondered at. When "pork and beans" were first brought to the notice of the public through the commendable zeal of the gallant Mose, beans became at once a leading dish at our "coffee and cake saloons;" and at that time Mose advised the keepers of those establishments not to "stop to count a bean" Now that the dish has been introduced to the notice of fashionables at our summer resorts, the demand has more than overbalanced the supply; consequently the correspondent of the Herald at Newport, in anticipation of a famine, has commenced to "count the beans." It is also said that the beaux are equally scarce.

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Wishing something nice in the way of

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Alfred Woodham,

No. 160 Fulton-street, one door West of Broadway,

OPPOSITE "ST. PAUL'S" CHURCH.

Importer and Dealer in Guns, Pistols and Cutlery, is constantly receiving from Manufacturers a full assortment of the above articles, as well as all articles in the Sporting line, viz: Dram Bottles, Shot Pouches, Percussion Caps, Gun Wadding, &c., &c. "Colt's" Patent Pistols, Fishing Tackle, &c.

Sole Agent for "Klein's" Patent Primers and Cartridges for Patent Needle Gun.

"Porter's" Patent Revolving and Repeating Rifles.

All of which are offered at very low prices. The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.

RAFFERTY & LEASK

are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $3 and $4; and in addition giving each customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham, opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

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General Agent for supplying all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Cheap Books, Magazines, &c., &c.

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CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE, FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American Floor Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide.

SALES ROOM No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparaleled low prices, from 5s to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

SALES ROOM No. 3.

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

SALES ROOM No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices; 2s., 2s 6d., 3s., 3s 6d., and 4s. per yard.

SALES ROOM No. 5.

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1¼, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s per yard. Also, magnificent Mossic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

SALES ROOM No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s 6d., 3s to 6s per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s per yard.

SALES ROOM No 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

SALES ROOM No. 8.

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s, 8s., 12s., 16s and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting All the above goods will be sold 20 per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.

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Ap 23-if.

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For the Cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.

If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.

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Successor to Dr George W. Bond.

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RADWAY'S REMEDIES

TO THE PUBLIC.

RADWAY & Co., the Inventors, Manufacturers and Proprietors of the justly celebrated R. R. R. Remedies, were the first to discover a Remedy possessing the Marvelous and Miraculous Power of stopping the most Excruciating Pains in an instant, allaying the worst Cramps and Spasms either internal or external in a few minuts and soothing the most severe Paroxysms of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Tic Doloreux, as soon as applied. The R. R. R. Remedies consists of three Remedies, each possessing quick and wonderful powers over certain complaints and diseases, and will instantly—

RELIEVE *The Human System from Pain*
REGULATE *Each Organ to a Healthy Action.*
RESOLVE *Away all Diseased Deposits.*
RENOVATE *The body from all Corrupt Humors.*
REBUILD *The Weak and Broken Down Constitutions.*
RESTORE *To Health, Strength and Vigor all unsound and worn out parts.*

R R R—No. 1.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
For all Acute Complaints,
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL.

The moment it is applied externally or taken into the system, it will stop the most excruciating pain and quickly remove its cause.

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Mr. Granger, a mason well known in Brooklyn, was a cripple for nine years, Radway's Ready Relief, Relieved him from pain in fifteen minutes, enabled him to walk two miles without the aid of stick or crutch in three days, and cured him entirely in one week.

Thousands of other cases equally as wonderful as the above, have been cured by R R. Relief.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

Radway's Ready Relief will relieve the sufferer from all pain in fifteen or twenty minutes. It will cure the most desperate cases in a few hours.

NEURALGIA.

The moment R R. Relief is applied it allays the most painful Paroxysms. It will always cure

SICK HEADACHE

It will relieve the most distressing pains in fifteen minutes. It will likewise prevent renewed attacks.

AGUE.

In ten minutes a teaspoonful of R. R. Relief will stop the Chills and break the Fever.

Aches of all kinds, Pains of all kinds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Strains, Sprains, Stiff joints, Lameness. One application of Radway's Ready Relief will in a few moments ENTIRELY STOP THE PAIN.

It reduces swellings, heals sores, cuts and wounds, removes bruises, allays the most violent irritations. For all pains use R. R Relief. Look for the signature of Radway & Co. on each bottle.

R R R—No. 2.
RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT
Resolves, Renovates, Rebuilds.

IT CURES

Scrofula,	Tumors,	Bleeding of the Lungs,
Syphilis,	Consumption,	St. Vitus Dance,
Sores,	Rickets,	Salt Rheum,
Asthma,	Nodes,	Canker,
Bronchitis,	Fever Sores,	Rash,
Ulcers,	Erysipelas,	Tetters.

The above eighteen complaints R. R. Resolvent will positively cure.

It renovates the system completely, Resolving away from the Solids all impure Poisonous and Diseased Deposits, freeing the Blood and Fluids of Life from all corrupt humors, restoring, Energy and Vigor, Health and Strenth to every Organ and Member of the body.

LETTERS FROM HIGH AUTHORITY.

HON. J J MIDDLETON, OF WACCAHAW, S C.—Writes under date of May 2d, 1853. That Radway's Renovating Resolvent cured one of his negroes, on his Plantation at Beaufort of a Scrofulous complaint, of many years standing The poor fellow was a disgusting object of pity, he was a moving mass of sores. The other negroes could not remain in the same place with him. None of the Doctors could do anything for him. He was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent, and is now at work upon the plantation. To the people of S. C. Mr. Middleton is well know, and to the political world, Mr. Middleton is no stranger.

SCROFULA.

MR. W. B OLIVER of Drayton, Dooly Co. Ga., under the date of May 30, 1853 —Writes, "that a servant girl who was so reduced that no one would give a trip for her life," she was so covered with sores, that there was not a spot of pure flesh of the size of a silver dollar on her whole body was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent.

NINETEEN YEARS

MRS. HENDERSON, of Westford, Mass., has been covered with sores for nineteen years, has been cured by R. R. Resolvent.

SALT RHEUM.

The most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman who supposed that this complaint, was hereditary in his family, and had been afflicted with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the POISONOUS RHEUM ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM.

IT REGENERATES

Every organ and member of the body; it makes sound, healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.

WEAKNESS

In Male or Female is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous and healthy Impotence and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs, is quickly removed, and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition

LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS

In WOMAN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cast such gloom over their spirits, a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly remove the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY and DEPRESSED, feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY

Persons wishing this Remedy will please ask for Radway's Renovating Resolvent. Its price is one Dollar per bottle. No small bottles, nor is the genuine ever sold for less. Each bottle bears the fac simile signature of

RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street, New York.

R R R.—No. 3.
RADWAY'S REGULATORS.

REGULATES TO A HEALTHY ACTION

All the Organs and Secretions of the body,
Restores to Health and Strenth,
THE DISEASED AND WORN OUT PARTS

COMPLAINTS THAT RADWAY'S REGULATORS ENTIRELY CURE.

Costiveness,	Liver Complaint,
Indigestion,	Heart "
Dyspepsia,	Kidney "
Dropsy,	Bladder "
	Urethra "

DIFFICULTY OF PASSING URINE

Dizziness, Inflammation of the Stomach,
Stupor, Biliousness.

MELANCHOLY.

MALIGNANT DISORDERS.

Small Pox	Measles,
Scarlet Fever,	Yellow Fever,
Bilious Pneumonia	Typhoid Fever,

AND FEVERS OF ALL KINDS

Influenza, Pleurisy Common Colds

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

Irregularity,	Prolapsus Uteri,
Hysteria,	Womb Difficulties,
Whites.	Amenorrhea,
LOSS OF APPETITE,	Loss of Memory,
Loss of Energy,	Loss of Strength.

R R. REGULATORS

ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,

Perfectly Tasteless,	Never Sicken,
Good at all times,	Never Gripe.

DOSES.

ONE TO THREE—REGULATES.
FOUR TO SIX—PURGES.

One Regulator at Night, on going to bed, will ensure sound sleep, a Good Night's Rest, and a Healthy and Pleasant Discharge from the Bowels in the morning.

Radway's Regulators, Ready Relief, Renovating Resolvent, are sold by Druggists everywhere.

RADWAY & Co., 162 Fulton street.

Royal Mersey Yacht Club Regatta.

Many a time and oft have we had the pleasure of recording the proceedings at this thorough-going yacht club, but Monday and Tuesday, the 18th and 19th of July, commenced a new era in its annals; never were better arrangements made by a committee for a regatta, or never were arrangements better carried out than by the gallant Commodore Littledale, the indefatigable Rear-Commodore Grindrod, and the courteous and attentive secretary Mr. Melling; to render individual justice such as they deserved to the exertions of the cup-bearer Mr. Fletcher, the treasurer Mr. Kay, the stewards, and general members of the committee of management, would occupy considerable space, and the pressure of sporting news prevents us going so much into detail as we could wish. We must, therefore, at present briefly state the results of the two days' sailing, &c.

THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

On MONDAY, the race of the day, and the only one was for the grand Challenge Cup of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, of the value of 100*l.*, with a handsome purse, containing 25 sovereigns, added. We have never at any period, seen such a muster of clippers as there was in the Mersey—England, Ireland, and Scotland sent forth their best vessels and their hardiest seamen, and it was a truly glorious sight to witness the noble, generous, and friendly spirit of rivalry which animated all; under the warm patronage of our sailor Queen, this club has hitherto held one of the foremost positions in the yachting world, but now that her Majesty has still further shown the interest she has taken in its welfare by the presentation of a cup to the club, we apprehend that with such heads, hands, and hearts as mustered under the Liver'd burgee, the Royal Mersey Yacht Club will contest the palm with even the Royal Thames. We must now proceed to business, premising, that we shall next week have a few words more to say relative to our friends the Royal Merseys.

For the GRAND CHALLENGE CUP came to the buoys the

No.	YACHT.	TONS.	OWNER.
1.	OVERTON	34	J. Paley, Esq.
2.	PRESTO	8	A. Bower, Esq.
3.	QUEEN OF THE ISLES	56	R. Langtry, Esq.
4.	ENCHANTRESS	54	S. Hodder, Esq.
5.	IRISH LILY	73	R. W. Hillas, Esq.
6.	STANLEY	17	T. Wilson Esq.
7.	MIRANDA	89	J. Gray, Esq.
8.	CYNTHIA	51	H. Roe, jun., Esq.
9.	CORALIE	35	A. R. Bryne, Esq.
10.	PAULINE	40	C. Brandeth, Esq.
11.	TARTAR	46	W.H. Dawes, Esq.
12.	STRANGER	10	N. Jackson, Esq.
13.	CONSTANCE	14	F.D.P. Astley, Esq.
14.	RANGER	13	R.M. Grinnell, Esq.

The start took place at 11h 46min 45sec; it was splendidly effected, and a finer sight than this fleet of clippers getting away, amidst the joyous cheers of thousands of spectators, never was witnessed upon the Mersey; the Pauline and Coralie, of the large vessels, and the Stranger and Presto of the small were well away, and that gallant little Stanley, to use an American phrase, was like a greased flash of lightning. Wind in the morning had been south, with rain, but at the time of the start it had been veered to the northward of west, and settled down a hard, steady, whole canvas breeze, coming up nearly to N.W. The Miranda, a splendid vessel by White of Cowes, was in the foremost flight, and the Cynthia, although a little slow in getting away, seemed determined to make up for lost time; the Irish Lily, however, soon settled the question, as to whom was to lead the fleet down the Channel, by going away flying to windward, increasing her distance the more she got the wind and the sea. Shortly after starting, the Miranda, Pauline, Coralie, and Tartar were put about by two large ships at anchor, and almost immediately afterwards the Cynthia's gaff topsail halyards gave up. Promptly and well, however, she repaired damages, and went to work again like a good-un. At No. 3 buoy the Miranda went on the wrong side, but upon being hailed by Commodore Littledale from the club steamer and told of her error, she bore up, retraced her course for nearly two miles, and rounding the buoy properly, came out again in the most gallant and spirited manner, and verily a noble craft she is; her owner may well be proud of her, but for her mistake she would have teased the winner sorely. All this time the Lily was going away fast, with Cynthia, Pauline, Tartar, Coralie, Enchantress, Constance, and the beautiful little Stanley hard at work astern of her; 'twas a flying race, and although she had a good deal of time to allow the wee barkies that were tossing the wild foam in sheets in fierce pursuit astern of her, yet it was evident she had the speed to do it, and would have her own way. When lo a crash! and away went the hook of the lower main halyard block, and down came the mainsail on the deck, just at the moment when the winning of her race depended upon everything holding; gallantly, however, her crew went to work, and in less than 30 minutes she was under weigh again. The little Cynthia now took up the running and as wickedly and beautifully contested a race as we ever witnessed, took place between her and the Lily for the proud position of leading the fleet up the river again—now the Cynthia was ahead, and then the Lily would come stealing along, and with a courteous inclination, as of generous rivalry, to her pretty competitor, again take the lead. After a beautiful race, in which the yachts of the three countries distinguished themselves beyond praise, they arrived at the flag ship in the following order and time:

		H. M. S.
1.	Irish Lily	5 11 40
2.	Cynthia	5 14 55
3.	Tartar	5 21 55
4.	Pauline	5 25 15
5.	Enchantress	5 26 0
6.	Coralie	5 26 50
7.	Miranda	5 30 40
8.	Stranger	5 37 0
9.	Presto	5 39 0
10.	Stanley	5 43 45
11.	Ranger	5 59 0

Overton, Queen of the Isles, and Constance, not placed.

The Cynthia was declared the winner of the prize, having taken her time off the Irish Lily, by 2min. 15 sec.

The REGATTA CUP, value 10 sovereigns, for yachts under eight tones, brought out some beautiful little craft of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club:—

No.		
1.—	GIRAFFE	J. Miller, Esq, Jun.
2.—	KELPIE	A. G. Sparrow, Esq.
3.—	WARLOCK	Hamilton Laird, Esq.
4.—	BREEZE	R. Haigh, Esq. Jun.
5.—	TRUANT	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.
6.—	SIROCCO	W. Brown, Esq.

A most interesting match, and won in gallant style by our old and celebrated little friend the Truant.

The MATCH for the Mersey Cup, £20 for yachts of from eight to 20 tons, half a minute allowance of time for tonnage, brought out the Presto, eight tons, A. Bower, Esq; a centre board sloop built after the model of the Truant, by Kelly of Liverpool; the Stranger, 10 tons, Norman Jackson, Esq. built by Fish and Morton of New York; the builders of the Truant and the Jessica, eight tons, Joseph A. Clarke, Esq. a beautiful little craft, designed by Mr. J. Waterman, jun., the designer of the Mosquito, &c.

There was a protest entered by the Stranger against the Presto, on the grounds of not having gone the proper course. It has been referred to the Sailing Committee. The Jessica bore up, Mr. Clarke declining to compete with such vessels, they having a manifest advantage in beating to windward down the channel, from their very shallow draft enabling them to make long boards down along the edges of the banks. Presto came in at 6h 48min 27sec; Stranger at 6h. 54m. 57 sec.

Doings at the Royal Oak, Barking-road.

MONDAY JULY 11.—The weather being exceedingly fine, and the "bill of fare" somewhat attractive, the course presented a goodly assemblage of spectators. The first race of the day was a mile one for £5 a side, between SILVER and CLARKE, the latter receivng a start of 30 yards. Throughout the first lap Clarke maintained his "'vantage ground" without the diminution of a foot, but at the termination of the second the all-powerful influence of Silver got the ascendancy, which was upheld throughout the remainder of the race, and Monsieur *L'Argent* ran in a winner by about two feet. The race throughout was a very slow one, and Clarke much disappointed his backers. The bugle having sounded, whereby the "note of preparation" was again given,

WILLIAM SPOONER and CHARLES DURHAM appeared at the scratch. both in excellent fettle, although we must admit that Durham seemed rather too "fine-drawn" from over training, and not quite so "up to the marke" as when he struggled so gallantly against the same opponent on the 16th of last May on the same grounds. The walk was one of seven miles, for £25 a side and the Champion's belt, Durham receiving a start of one minute and a half. At 20 minutes past six o'clock, the word "away" being given, Durham started off with celerity that reminded us of the old sportsman's phrase, "'tis the pace that kills," and ere his minute and a half start had expired he had covered three-fourths of the circumference of the ground, or in other words had gone about 400 yards on his journey before Spooner "left the scratch." In the first lap Durham maintained his position manfully, without allowing his antoganist to reduce the distance a single yard, out towards the end of the second it was evident that Spooner was gaining on him; and at the conclusion of the second mile not more than 100 yards intervened between the competing parties. It were needless to particularise the results of each succeding lap; suffice it to say that Spooner kept gradually creeping up to his man, and when within some eight or ten yards of him, at the commencement of the 20th lap, Durham gave up the contest, and Spooner went over the remainder of his distance in unmolested quietude, completing his seven miles in 57min 20sec. He can have the stakes at our office on Monday next, at one o'clock.

FROST AND JACKSON.—This mile race, for £10 a side, in which Frost is to receive 25 yards start, has been postponed until the 9th of August, Frost giving £1 for the privilege, They have increased their stake into £2 10s aside, and £2 10s more is to be sent to us on Friday next.

Williams and Edward's Scullers Match.

On Wednesday Francis Williams of the Tower and James Edwards of the Custom House Lower-stairs rowed a match from Putney Bridge to the Ship at Mortlake, for 30 *l.* a side. The below bridge men mustered numerously on the Curlew, and there were also many females on board that steamer. Williams is rising 33, and weighs 10st. 6lb. His opponent is but a trifle different in age, and weighs 10st. Williams took his breathings at Mr. Salter's, Wandsworth, and his excellent condition gave his backers great confidence in him. He rowed in the boat, built by Salter, in which Mackinney defeated Chitty. In 1848 Williams defeated Robbins, and in the same year Bean of the Custom House succumbed to him. From this time to the present he won his matches with Gregory, Jones, and Piner and also the Tower boat in August, 1852, and the Legal Quay sovereigns this year, but in 1850 he was vanquished by Oxlade. Edwards had done very little, having only won the Custom House boat last year, and as he was neither considered so *au fait* at wagering, nor so good as Williams, the latter was very freely backed at 5 to 4. Salter, having been appointed umpire for Williams, and Lashbrook for Edwards, Capt. Sharplin of the Curlew was selected as referee. Edwards won the choice of station, and took the Middlesex side of Putney Bridge. Edwards first "dipped" at the go off, but in the next stroke his opponent was alongside of him, and they were scull and scull to above Finch's, where Edwards began to draw away, and at Craven Cottage was a clear length ahead. Williams appeared to be improving as he went on, and picking his boat up in gallant style when shooting the water, rowed up to his opponent's sculls, when Edwards, from apparent weakness in one hand, threw his boat a little over, and they made a slight foul; but both were still "eager for the fray," and, without cavilling about this trifle, went to work again. Williams, however, slipped by Edwards, although his rowing was very plucky, and went through Hammersmith Bridge a length in advance. Edwards pulled on, but it was useless, his opponent making a wide space between them, and winning by four or five lengths.

"I understand," said a deacon to one of his neighbors, "that you are becoming a *hard* drinker." "That is a slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink *easier*."

☞ The chimney sweeper is a happy fellow; for his business allways *soots* him.

THE OUTLAW OF THE SACRAMENTO.

"Would that the Californian character were as lofty as the Californian mountains!" exclaimed I, extending myself almost breathless upon the loftiest summit of the chain which edges the Sacramento Valley.

"Not so," returned my friend quietly; "it would be too hard to climb."

Harry South was one of those men who reveal only to their intimate friends a marked peculiarity of character. There are many such; all indeed may be really so, for every man convinces those who know him best that he possesses a true and full individuality; but, more than any other of my acquaintance, my friend managed to mask a dreamy poetical imagination and a glowing heart under the appearance of a mere fashionable and high-spirited man of the world. His wealth and connections in society, of course secured him the position of a gentleman. Nobody suspected him of being a poet; yet though he never wrote lines, he always thought poetry. Between the ages of fifteen and twenty-three he served in the navy as midshipman and lieutenant, and then left the profession to succeed to a valuable estate, and consult his own pleasure by travelling as a gentleman at ease. At Yerba Buena I first met met him, and our acquaintance soon warmed into friendship, so that before many days passed, we found ourselves travelling together on a half hunting, half exploring expedition along the beautiful Valley of the Sacramento. Every hour revealed some new trait in his character. A peculiar freshness, not of inexperience, but the vivid glance that never dulls by often looking, seemed to form his ideas upon every subject, and made especially delightful our conversation upon the most delightful of all topics, love and woman's heart. Hitherto untouched by the gentle passion, he had set up for himself an ideal model, not moulded, as he was wont to exclaim, after any form of material clay, bnt one which rose within his mind in dim yet lustrous beauty, like a translucent mist before the dazzling sun. Such a character he conceived to be Miranda, in "The Tempest," and looked upon it as a lovely vision, never to be realized, yet ever before him with a delicious, tantalizing presence. Indeed, so often did he rhapsodize upon Miranda, that before two days had elapsed I became heartily sick of my friend's poetical hobby, and sought every occasion to draw him out on other things. In this way we arrived at the edge of that immense valley, and ascended the loftiest mountain to catch a fair view of the scenery around us.

"Yes," said Harry, "it would be too hard to climb. You are ambitious and can never be stationary, you must either move onward or else keep out of sight, if I were disposed to compliment, I might say, so is the sun; but the source of light would be degraded by comparison with a merely ambitious man. For my own part I would simply 'take the goods the gods provide me,' and glide through a happy life, in cultivating, not so much my 'paternal acres,' for I confess myself no farmer, as my own heart. The little society I would have must be associates, not rivals nor inferiors. But you would struggle, and prefer rising above the ignorant weak to being surpassed by the educated strong. This is your country. The Californians are too indolent to strive with an energetic man, and will quietly allow him to ride over them, provided that he is not rough shod. They have all the pride of Spaniards, half the quick intellect of Frenchmen, and more than the terrible revengefulness of an Italian bravo. At the same time, the laziest Turk that breathes through life in a cloud of smoke, would open his eyes at these lumps of Californian clay, for ever asleep. Look from this mountain top, and say, are they worthy of their country? The air, that breathes delicious health through other's veins, enervates them. These noble mountains, that we love to climb with soul as well as body, only arouses in them a lazy horror of the troublesome ascent, as they stand below, dully gazing upward. But, by heaven! there is one below us who is not gazing upward in dullness! That attitude is entreaty and despair itself.

I sprang to my feet and looked over the edge of the mountain. Beginning at the spot where we stood, an almost perpendicular precipice seemed to slide down full six hundred feet, and then another peak rose aloft, leaving between a little valley with about fifty yards of loose rocks, garlanded with verdure. At that moment I did not notice a rude hunting-lodge in the middle; my attention was wholly fastened on two human beings in that remote place. One of them was very tall, gigantic, for a Calfornian, and his herculean limbs, arrayed in the hunter's finery of his nation, bespoke him at once a dangerous neighbor in time of feud. At his feet, in an attitude of exquisite suffering, kneeled a young girl, lovely even in the distance; and so truthful was her posture, that we almost fancied that we heard a pleading voice, broken with sobs and tears. Yet the hunter stood savage and immovable, looking contemptuously on her for a moment, and then turning away, he walked swiftly out of the ravine.

"There is something here for us to do," said Harry, firmly and rapidly. His words roused me from a gaze of wonder at that singular pantomime, and hastily exchanging glances, we seized our rifles, and descended the mountain in silence.

Some hours passed before we could force our way through the thick underwood down the more gentle sloping side, or skirt along the base. Even there was great difficulty in searching for the narrow gorge. At last, however, we found ourselves near the cabin of the hunter, but our steps were delayed a moment by a huge dog, the Cerberus of these regions, which rushed upon us with a howl that sounded as if the triple-headed monster of old had opened with every throat at once. Our business did not allow of such obstacles, and a shot from one of our revolvers soon stretched him upon the grass. We entered the lodge. In one corner sat the fair suppliant we had seen before, hiding her face in her hands, and moaning to herself the most mournful of all Spanish exclamations, "*Ay de my, ay de my!*" She had evidently mistaken our shot for the return of the Californian hunter. Harry spoke a few words of encouragement, but at the sound of a strange voice she started up with an instinctive scream, and then, to our utter amazement, clasped each of us in her arms with a shower of tears, and a broken cry of half hysteric joy.

We drew back at this strange reception, but at the next instant would have surrendered a year of our lives to have been in that delicious embrace again. Strange that we did not feel it at the time, but when the first astonishment wore off, there lingered the idea of a sensation that we might have felt and remembered to the day of our death. But the girl evidently did not intend to repeat the salutation. She stood wondering at her repulse as much as we did afterward, but with better reason. It was a common and innocent token of friendship among the warm, open-hearted sex of her country, and she, poor thing, saw a friend in every stranger at that time. She seemed about seventeen, and her form exhibited a rare mingling of grace and voluptuous symmetry that I had before deemed impossible. All Californian senoritas possess the latter, but it is united with a spreading luxuriance of limb that forms a magnificent contrast to the sylph-like airness of some other climes. Here, however, the two were so connected that it seemed hard to know to which class of beauty she belonged. At this time, indeed, no critical thought entered my head; I saw before me only the Californian glancing her dark eyes on us in fearful hope, and wondered that I had ever thought the phrase of "billowy bosom" an extravagant expression. She came forward again, and taking a hand of each, pressed them between her own, saying inquiringly, and with inexpressible softness of tone, "*Amigos?*" Then, without waiting for an answer, she hurried on. Her father, she said, was a wealthy planter near the Sacramento river, herself his only child.

A young man, the companion of her youth, had been convicted of a capital crime and sentenced to death; but a few days before the execution he had escaped, and was supposed to be lurking near the mountains. He had once been an unsuccessful suitor for her love, and his flight relieved her from the load of fear she had always felt of his character and designs. But, two days since, she extended her evening walk too far, and suddenly the outlaw stood in her path! He stopped for no vain entreaties; they would be useless; but placed her behind him on a swift mustang, and fled for his home in the mountains. No pause or rest was allowed; in one day they crossed the valley, and stopped at last before his cabin. Here he lifted her from the horse, faint with terror, fatigue and hunger, and leaving a savage hound as her keeper, he had just started forth with his rifle in search of game. She told this brief story simply and artlessly, as if conscious that words were not wanted to color the deed; and then dropping our hands, stood before us, still in her beauty and distress.

Excited as I myself was I involuntarily started at the first word of Harry South. His usual calm exterior changed into an expression of terrible meaning, and even then I saw that something more than mere compassion and anger agitated my friend. What he said was broken, and evidently came struggling up from his heart. He promised her protection and safe return, and without wasting words urged an immediate departure. We turned to go, and our eyes fell upon the gigantic form of the hunter, terribly lacerated, and dripping with blood, as he leaned against the doorway for support. He appeared hardly able to stand; but the dull glassy look of faintness in his eyes seemed to surround a fierce gleam of foiled malice. A fearful contest was going on between his wounded body and the unconquered will of his soul. The latter prevailed for a moment, as, with an actually blazing eye he rushed towards us, raising aloft his clubbed rifle. The blow was easily warded off, and the exhausted desperado fell.

Never did I fully appreciate the womanly loveliness of Clare, holding the head of dying Marmion to her breast, until I saw the young Californian girl strive to raise her enemy and stanch his wounds. We soon found that he was not dead; and having carefully deposited him upon a rude couch, the perplexing question arose, "What is to be done?" He deserves nothing at our hands but death, yet humanity forbade us even to leave him in that dangerous condition. We therefore remained there full four days, while he was balancing between life and death. The cause of his wounds we could not then inquire, though they were evidently received in close fight with some wild beast. During this time, I acted as hunter and purveyor of food; the Californian, of course, was the nurse; and Harry, equally of course, elected himself surgeon.

From what the hunter afterward said, it appeared that he had wandered some distance up the mountain in search of wild sheep, of "broad horns," and suddenly found himself in close vicinity to a grizzly bear; almost the only animal which the bold western hunter fears to meet. It is nearly impossible for one to kill it; rifle balls bury themselves in its body, and seem but to increase its ferocity. Knowing that the eye was the only part open to a mortal wound, he calmly waited until the fierce monster was just about to rush upon him, and then fired with deliberate aim. Vain hope! The bear moved a little at that instant, and received the bullet in its thick skull. It was staggered at first, but instantly recovering itself, it seized the hunter in a terrible embrace. Nothing but his calmness of nerve saved him then. Torn and breathless as he was while the monster's hot breath was yet upon him, and the foam ground from those frightful jaws, flew into his face, he drew the long slender dagger worn by Californians for a hunting-knife, and applying it with steady grasp to the eye, drove it suddenly up to the haft. Both fell together, but that deadly thrust had saved him. The animal's struggle was short, and the hunter arose, fearfully mangled, but still alive. He tottered back as well as he could, and arrived only to find new enemies in his own home.

At the end of four days, the question, "What shall we do?" was perplexing as ever. The hunter was fast recovering; too fast indeed for our own wishes, for we could not expect him tranquilly to relinquish his prize; and it was accordingly determined by the council of peace to leave him secretly, after placing within his reach provisions enough to last him several days. The next morning saw us five leagues distant.

During the journey, I had few opportunities of learning the character of our fair companion. She was mounted upon the same mustang which had carried her before, and Harry, walking by her side, kept up incessantly a low-toned conversation, so that I took the hint and led the way. At the close of the first day we bivouacked in true hunting style, and making up a hasty couch for the Californian girl, laid ourselves upon the soft moss in silence. I was just falling into a gentle doze, when a single word from my friend awoke me.

"Strange!"

"That you have found your tongue at last! What else?"

"Why, I never thought to ask her name."

"Perhaps I can inform you."

"You! How did you learn it? What is it?" exclaimed he, eagerly rising,

"What can it be, but—Miranda?" said I mischievously.

"No more of that, Hal!" he replied, with a manly blush. "But yet," added he, more earnestly, "She *is* Miranda in truth. In a few words she unveils her whole soul. So innocent, so childlike, and yet so womanly. I could say to her with Ferdinand:

——"Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full a soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned,
And put it to the foil; but you, oh you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

Her beauty and distress more than interested me at first, and since that—why should I not confess it?—our conversation has showed me a fresh, noble soul, and has actually—not, as I was about to say, made a fool of me, but a wiser and happier man.

"Happier! I may congratulate you then. But her old lover, he will of course recover, and he is a Californian. They stab in the dark."

"True; but a Californian practices gratitude as well as revenge. I hardly know which he feels towards us. We probably saved him from a lingering death, but at the same time robbed him of something more than life. Let us mention no more. He is a dark shadow in my path, but thank heaven! *behind* me. I fear him not. Strange that I never thought to ask her name!"

With this soliloquy, he turned over and I went to sleep.

The second day gave me no better opportunity than the first for examining more minutely into the character of our fair friend. Harry was still her constant, cavalier, and I sometimes fancied that his treatment in excluding me might be aptly termed by the same word. But situated as he was, it was a point of honor to give him exclusive possession of her company, especially as we expected soon to reach her home. Still, as I occasionally glanced back, and marked her free, artless bearing, or heard the musical murmur of her laugh, I could hardly help envying Harry, and his place by her side. Toward the close of the afternoon we left the valley and ascended the first hill beyond. When the summit was gained, a faint outcry of joy from our companion, as she pointed to a large hacienda, about half a mile distant, showed that she recognized her home. We stopped and were almost instantly seen by a straggling slave who ran to the hacienda, and in a few moments, a gray-headed old man spurred toward us at full speed, with a crowd of servants following him.

"My father!"

"You have another friend to welcome," said a deep voice at our side, and the tall form of the outlaw stepped from behind a rock."

"I have waited for you here," he continued, with singular calmness. "Your companions I might have waylaid and shot down before this, but they once spared, and even saved my life, when I expected death from them. I cannot recover you without injury to them, and now, at this our last meeting, I come with one request. By the memory of our childish days, by the death of my love for you, grant it! Let me see you alone for the last time—for ever!"

I hesitated; but—

"It cannot be, Herman," was murmured faintly by the girl, and "it must not be," more authoritatively from Harry South, decided the matter.

"Then what I have to say, I will say before witnesses."

He paused, and his finger worked convulsively upon the barrel of the rifle on which he was leaning.

"Why have I left my retreat and followed you thus, while fever ran in my veins, and my wounds opened at every step! Need I tell you! 'Tis the same cause that curbed my proud nature in boyish days, the same that drove me forth, the same that gained *you* but to lose all. Need I tell you now! You shrink, and well you may. Forgive me; the days of violence have passed, and you will seek peace from another. I must not live to see this; I have come now to bid you farewell, and to terminate an existence which torments me. Farewell! I commend you to the Holy Virgin."

He held his open hand toward her for a moment, then suddenly raised his rifle and fired. I caught her in my arms—dead!

A maddened scream actually convulsed my friend. He instantly recovered himself, and with a frightful slowness presented his rifle and deliberately covered the outlaw's heart.

"Fire!" cried he, baring his broad breast, you save me from self-murder, which would be hateful to God, and in *her* sight!"

"No," replied Harry, lowering his weapon; thou satan of fallen angels, I will not murder you. Wounded though you are you shall have an equal chance for life, but we cannot both live. Imagine the ground measured," he added, with a mocking, ghastly smile.

He took a pair of pistols from his belt and handed me one. I received it mechanically, and gave it to the Californian. They stood opposite each other, I counted, and at the last word there was a single explosion.

The outlaw held his pistol in the same position as before. He tottered, and pressing one hand upon his bosom, staggered to the body of his victim.

"Let me die by her side!" he cried as he fell. Then looking up to Harry with a horrible smile, "It was a poor shot; I thought you were a better marksman"—he raised the pistol to his head, and pressed the trigger.

Though years have passed, I never can forget the scene; the body of that lovely being stretched beside her gigantic outlaw lover; my noble friend gazing on them with life long agony in his look, and in the distance, a gray-haired father hastening to his child!

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

"A Balm for every Wound, a Cure for every Ill."

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
LUMBAGO,
SCIATICA,
SALT-RHEUM,
TETTER,
PILES,
SCALD-HEAD,
CAKED BREAST,
SORE NIPPLES,
SORE SHINS,
BURNS AND
SCALDS,

ULCERS, GOUT,
STIFF JOINTS,
BRUISES,
CUTS,
CHAFES,
GALLS,
SPAVIN,
SPLENT,
RING-BONE,
SWENEY,
SORES,
SCRATCHES,
POLL-EVIL.

HARD LUMPS OR TUMORS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Pains or Inflammation, in Man or Beast.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

This is to certify that the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been used quite extensively in the stables of Adams & Co.'s Great Southern, Eastern and Western Express, for CURING Galls, Chafes, Scratches, Sprains, and Bruises, and it has proved effectual. Many of their men have also used it on themselves and their families, and they all speak of its healing and remedial qualities in the highest terms. One of our hostlers got kicked, and badly cut and bruised on his knee—as usual, the Mustang Liniment was resorted to, and the soreness and lameness was soon removed, and it was perfectly well in three or four days. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable preparation, to be used externally on man or beast.

J. DUNNING,
Foreman of Adams & Co.'s Express Stable, New York.

☞ A child in Frederickton, N. B., a few days ago, burned its legs severely against a stove. The mother immediately applied Linseed Oil and Cotton Wool, with a tight bandage over all. In a short time the screams of the child induced the mother to remove the bandage, when it was discovered that the cotton wool had taken fire by spontaneous combustion, and had considerably increased the size of the burn. The mother happened to think that she had part of a bottle of Mustang Liniment in her house, which she got immediately and applied to the burned limbs of the little sufferer, and as soon as it was applied, the child ceased its cries and soon after fell asleep in its mother's arms, by the soothing influence of this valuable preparation.

Every family should be supplied with this Liniment in case of accident, as we know it to be a valuable article.—*Boston Eve. Chronicle.*

☞ It becomes our duty to state, from unquestionable facts, that there is a compound patented by Messrs. Bragg & Co., Broadway, corner of Duane street, that in a pre-eminent degree supersedes all modern preparations, and the best evidence that can be given of the "Mexican Mustang Liniment" is, that it effects the salutary and desirable objects which its worthy inventors have so fully demonstrated in their advertisement, in another column. We are well acquainted with a gentleman in this city, who has visited our office every other day for the last three years, and who, during the period of seven years, as he states, suffered considerable pain at intervals, in his knee-joint, from rheumatism, and though he had recourse to every description of compound medicines within the reach of purchase, yet not the least relief did any of them afford him. About two months since he was induced to try the Mustang Liniment, and after about thirteen applications he found himself entirely relieved from all rheumatic pain or affection.—*Irish American.*

From a personal acquaintance with the individual mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we have no hesitation in endorsing the statement.—*Eds. Democrat*

OFFICE WALL STREET JOURNAL,
NEW YORK, 1st Feb. 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & CO:—
We want your advertisement, because we have used your Liniment, personally, and it has done us good. We will insert it at $2 per month instead of $4, and you may change it to suit yourselves.
Yours, respectfully,
ROBINSON & CO.

DOVER, N. H., January 26th, 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & CO.—I had a valuable horse that about three weeks since was wounded severely in his thigh, with a sharp hook, opening a gash three inches in length, and an inch or more deep. I tried various articles to heal it, but inflammation getting into it caused large quantities of matter to collect, and the limb was quite stiff. A friend of mine asked me if I had tried the Mustang Liniment, to which I replied in the negative, but thinking it might do some good, was induced to try it. I had only used one half bottle when the inflammation began to be removed, and the wound to heal. Now it is entirely healed and the hair is growing over the wound, making it look as well as ever. Hoping that others may be benefited by a trial of your valuable compound, I remain yours,
CHAS. E. WHITEHOUSE.

BRUISES AND SPRAINS.

We have almost daily proofs of the magical power of the **Mustang Liniment** in severe bruises and sprains. Every one is subject to accidental bruises by coming in contact with some hard substance, in stumbling, falling, being upset in carriages, railway cars, &c., or by kicks from horses, falling of stones, timbers, and other missiles, and thousands of other collisions that we are constantly subject to. A bruise upon the face or about the eyes, will frequently disfigure a person for weeks, by leaving large "black and blue" marks indicative of a "set to," that are particularly disagreeable and annoying to a sensitive person By using the Mustang Liniment as directed, all those discolored spots will be removed with a few applications, and the skin left its natural color. Sprains of the most severe character are cured in a few days.

RHEUMATISM.

Persons afflicted with this disease, no matter of how long standing, or what the cause, or what remedies they may have used, so that the organization of the affected parts are not destroyed, can be promptly, effectually, and permanently cured, simply by using the

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

Numerous certificates can be furnished from persons who have paid hundreds of dollars to doctors, and from ONE to FIVE dollars a bottle for various Rheumatic Compounds and Specifics, without receiving any relief, who have been perfectly cured in a few days by the use of ONE BOTTLE of the Mustang Liniment. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have as yet established but one agency for the Mustang Liniment in Canada West—namely, Mr. James Granger, of Napannee. He writes us as follows:

"The way is, in my opinion, opening advantageously for an extensive sale of your article in our neighborhood. Scarcely a day passes without several calls for Mustang Liniment." With this letter came the following certificates.

CANADA WEST,
FREDERICKSBURG, December 1st, 1852.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Sir, I feel it my duty to inform you of the good effects of a medicine which I purchased of you, called Mexican Mustang Liniment. My wife has been affected with very severe Rheumatism during the last twenty-four years, and her case has baffled the most skilful physicians in our vicinity. I have tried every patent medicine recommended to cure that disease, which came within my reach, but her affliction was rather increased than lessened. Her knee, the part in which the disease was located, became greatly calloused. She had been for many years obliged to use crutches having almost entirely lost the use of her limbs. I by chance heard of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, for which I was informed you were agent. I obtained and applied a bottle. It entirely removed the pain, and by a continued application of more of the medicine, I believe four bottles, the callouses are now nearly gone. My wife can now walk freely without crutches and free from pain.
Yours, very truly,
WM. SPENCER, Sen.

CANADA WEST,
RICHMOND, February 8th, 1853.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Dear Sir; During the last six years, I have been a very great sufferer from Rheumatism. In the cold weather, especially, my disease raged with almost insupportable violence. I have been frequently confined to my bed for weeks together. I became helpless and hopeless. I have tried the multitude of nostrums prescribed by my friends and acquaintances, but without any permanent relief. At very great expense, I employed medical aid. I remained many months under the charge of the best reputed physicians in our vicinity, but found no better success. I had recourse to the most skilful practitioners in Bellville and Kingston, but my hopes were again prostrated. My case was considered *incurable*. When at last, as one given up to die, I had lain nearly three months suffering extreme agony and unable to obtain relief from any quarter, I was recommended to use a medicine called Mexican Mustang Liniment, to be found at your drug store. Though I had never heard of such a medicine, such was the state of my case that I resolved to try it. The effect seemed scarcely credible to myself, yet it was so. My pains left me entirely, and after spending more than one hundred dollars in cash, and suffering more than I would have thought it possible for man to suffer and survive, one dollar's worth of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, manufactured by A. G. Bragg & Co., has completely restored me to health. Should there be any one suffering from this terrible disease, I hope that so simple, easily applied and efficacious a remedy, as the M. M. Liniment, may be within their reach. I remain dear sir, yours very truly,
SAMUEL BALDWIN.

To Country Merchants. Every store should be supplied with this valuable Liniment, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly. **Prices of the Liniment.** It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and RETAILS at 25 cents—50 cents—and 1 dollar per bottle. The 50 cent and dollar bottles contain 50 and 100 per cent. more Liniment, in proportion to their cost, so that money is saved by buying the large sizes.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., *Sole Proprietors.*

PRINCIPAL OFFICES—304 Broadway, corner Duane street, New York, and corner Third and Market streets, St. Louis, Mo. Also for sale by dealers in Medicines throughout the United States.